THE ILLUSTRATED Newspaper.

Vol. II.—No. 37. Saturday, November 25, 1871.] PRICE THREEPENCE. [Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

MISS JENNY LOUISE HENGLER.

POLITICAL CONTAGION.

REMARKABLE is the tendency to imitation. Grown-up people are no better than children in the nursery in this respect. We have no desire to be merely trite on this stale subject and to deal in bare abstractions. Our notion is to apply the well-known truth to the state of the public mind in political affairs.

The new Republican movement in England, it may be observed by those who have watched its rise and progress, is purely the result of the acts of the strange people who occupied their valuable time—which ought to have been much better employed under the circumstances—in proclaiming a Republic in Paris on the 4th of September, 1870. Not a word was heard on the subject in this country until after that extraordinary act of spontaneous statesmanship; and now we have clubs, and popular orators, and members of Parliament, instructing the public mind everywhere on the beauty of Republicanism and the folly and superstition of all other forms of government.

Since the parentage of this movement is quite beyond question; since it can be traced as directly back to M. Gambetta and M. Jules Favre as if it were a part of the same series of public acts, it is a matter of some astonishment that its leaders and professors do not make more use of the example over the water by way of enforcing their creed. Where the inspiration comes from, thence should be derived the argument and the exemplification. But somehow there is a tendency to shrink from the adoption of this course, and Republicanism is recommended to us on its own abstract merits, as if, besides being an excellent thing in itself, it enjoyed the perils or advantages of having been wholly untried, and of being, therefore, a plant whereof we might have the gratification of studying the growth as a totally novel and charming phenomenon.

Those whose recollection carries them back some three or four and twenty years will have no difficulty in calling to mind the parallel case of 1848. It happened one day in February in that year that news arrived of grave troubles in Paris, of the flight of Louis Philippe, and of the establishment of the French Republic. We remember very well the tone of the English press at that juncture. Most editors set to work to glorify the event. What fine biographies we had served up to us immediately of the heroes of the Republican *Coup d'Etat!* What splendid characters were Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Arago, and the whole long list of them! What magnificent management of the event! No bloodshed, no violent hands laid upon the King whose kingdom had passed out of his hands. From end to end of this country we applauded those fine fellows, and the noble street crowd of Paris—so far in advance of their ancestors of 1792—who had done the work of revolution without incurring its fearful cost. Yet all the while this was a constitutional King, a pattern of liberty-loving monarchs, who had been driven from the Tuileries, and his most notable offence at the moment was that he sought to put a restriction upon the practice of public meetings for political purposes—in the same way that every Government has done in France—Legitimate, Imperial, Constitutional, Moderate Republican, Red Republican, Communistic, Anarchic—at any given period in the history of the nation.

What enthusiastic democratic meetings were held all over this country as soon as France had got rid of its Orleanist master! We were ready to kneel down at the feet of Republican France, and to learn, like sucking babes in politics, the elementary lessons of government. And when events went on, when Liberty Equality and Fraternity ripened, when every Frenchman was, so to speak, at the throat of every other Frenchman as to forms of government and abstract principles of political right and justice, our admiration—our delightful infatuation—grew stronger. When the thirst for blood—which had not been properly aroused in February in the streets of Paris, by reason of the fact that the upset of the throne had been somewhat unexpected—when the rage for barricades and cold steel, and musketry and cannon-shot, had been duly worked up, our enthusiasm increased, and fine organisations rose up in the midst of us in this country designed to carry out, as closely as possible, the programme of the "City of Cities." We are not quite sure whether to this day there is any Englishman enduring banishment by reason of his transportation for sedition in this island during the time that France was undergoing that particular experience in political reform; but the names of some of them still linger in our minds, and we are inclined to think that we have heard of one or two who have become patriots, if not Conservatives, in the new land to which they were transferred by way of relief to the over-charged feelings of English patriotism.

These are fits of imitativeness which will take us at times like these, and we should learn by experience to bear them as philosophically as may be. Republicanism will have its little run, and will probably be heard of amongst us so long as there is something bearing the name of a Republic in Paris; for the famous city of revolutions is very close to us, and influences the atmosphere. And we may be sure, too, by the same undeceiving tokens of experience, that the greater the excesses of that French Republic, the more extravagant its conduct, the less compatible its acts with the rights of freedom of the French people: to such degree will the Republican spirit in this country increase; for somehow the fiery spirits of our patriots take the lesson backwards, and are the more eager for the experiment when it promises least. Thus it has been during the last four months. The wholly unauthorised Government of the 4th of September was hailed with a cry of fraternity across the water; and we had popular demonstrations in London in behalf of the Commune; but the National Assembly, duly elected, has met with but scant sympathy from English patriots. Who shall explain these things?

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

DIPLOMATIC LIFE.

TO a considerable circle in London it is a matter of no small importance who shall come to our metropolis representing foreign courts. It happens to some millions here never to set eyes on, or never by any chance to recognise, the great men who spend much of their time in London, and whose names are constantly appearing in the papers as present on this or that important occasion. To many of these outsiders it is no doubt a matter of interest to learn that this or that remarkable foreigner is coming to the British capital on an embassy; but to those among whom, in social life, the great ambassadors move while they are here, rumours of who are receiving missions and who are leaving are matters causing no small flutter of excitement. Just now these are points of no ordinary concern; for no sooner are we informed that Count Beust is to be accredited to the court of St. James than comes a whisper that the Duc de Broglie will resign the French embassy, and that possibly M. Jules Favre will occupy the vacant place. Here are notable grounds for keen anticipation. What is the coming of a great tenor or prima donna to the advent of such men as the hero of the Fourth of September and of the interview at Ferrières, or that of the master of statesmanship who steered Austria in four years through her stupendous troubles, checkmated the Pope, and destroyed the Concordat? Must it not be a thing to remember for a life-time to meet one evening in social converse General Schenck, Count Beust, and M. Jules Favre? What stories will not the Man of September have to tell of Paris under siege, of the doings of the Government of Defence, of his meetings with Bismarck, and of the days of the Commune!

IN THE NAME OF "PUNCH."

Very heartily have the London and provincial press responded in chorus to the intimation that the much-respected and beloved late editor of *Punch* has, by reason of peculiar reverses, not left his widow and amiable family in circumstances such as the country would desire for them. *Punch* has been for so many years one of the regular enjoyments of life to so many people, and so well does every intelligent and reflecting person realise the fact that the famous journal owes very much of its high position and admirable character to the discretion and fine moral as well as intellectual qualities of the late Mark Lemon, that throughout the country generally it will be felt to be a duty—and withal a pleasing duty—to pay to those whom he loved, since it is needed, the debt of obligation due from all English readers to the late editor of *Punch*. "We all owe him something," says the *Daily News*, "and we have but to pay the debt to those whom he has left behind, his mourners and representatives."

MISS HELEN FAUCIT.

With a certain peculiar interest the London playgoer, when he has for some time lost sight of a favourite on the boards, listens to the news which reaches him of what that favourite is doing among the lovers of fine acting in the provinces. It is impossible to be indifferent to the fact that Miss Helen Faucit is at this moment taking leave of the stage in a series of performances in the country. We have before us an able and discriminating critique in the *Manchester Guardian* of Miss Helen Faucit's *Rosalind*. The task of sustaining the character of the heroine in "As You Like It" is, unavoidably, a severe one to this fine actress now; but it was not a task beyond her measure; for the personation seems to have lost none of its native charm behind the Manchester footlights in this farewell performance. We quote a passage from the critique:—

> To see such an actress represent a Shakesperean character is equivalent to reading a fine criticism upon it; and the intuition which some critics so sadly lack is here the privilege of artistic genius. But there remains something more than this; and it is at this second part of the actor's task that special gifts, or in other words special adaptability to special ends, become requisite. When Miss Faucit, or any other great artist, undertakes to create a character, to identify herself with it, to use the means of her own endowment in order to make a poetic conception a living thing, she can only succeed according to the conditions of her own nature. This is why she is not equally successful in all her parts. To *Rosalind* she brings the creative sympathy, as well as the intellectual intelligence, of her exquisitely gifted nature. How perfectly she not only conceives, but realises, Shakespeare's fancy of the maiden adventurer, aghast at no extravagance till it has been committed, and never afraid till she is brought face to face with fact! Above all, how admirably she preserves the joyousness of the whole play—on Wednesday amidst undeniable difficulties—by the lightness and airiness of her acting! She is the heroine of a day-dream; her very costume—and no poetic actor neglects costume in its connection with character—typifies herself, with its light mixture of grey and green, air and flowers.

These are pretty words, and true. Of the *Juliet* on the following night the same critic says much, but we can quote only his own brief summary of his impression:—

> After what we have said, it will be unnecessary for us to give words to our conviction that Miss Faucit's *Juliet* is not only one of the very finest of her artistic creations, but one of the finest of artistic creations known to the stage of the present day.

We hope to have an opportunity of forming a final impression of Miss Helen Faucit's rare powers as an actress on the London boards before she bids her last adieu to the stage.

ABOUT THE METROPOLIS.

To the man with time on his hands there is opportunity enough to pass it pleasantly and profitably in any season in London. We have a good example to quote, and as it is a rather long one it shall have little preface. The writer is the well-informed London correspondent of the *Western Daily Mercury*, and he tells his own tale:—

> I jumped into a steamboat at Hungerford pier and went up the river to Chelsea. We passed Chelsea Hospital, of which genial essayists have written, and just as its grey walls were receding from our sight we arrived opposite Cheyne-walk. Where are we now? This scenery is not English, it is Dutch. That terrace on the water-side with tall trees in front seems to be part of some town in Holland. The view is quaint and picturesque. Having landed at Cadogan pier, I stroll towards the old church and walk through the little churchyard where Sir Thomas More lies buried. A little further on are the stately gates of Cremorne Gardens. Returning by the river side, I turn up Cheyne-row. But why should I turn into Cheyne-row? The street has no attraction for the eye, it has indeed a lodging-house appearance. Yet in this street there lives a man who has exercised more influence over English thought than any of his contemporaries. "Can you tell me where Mr. Carlyle lives?" I asked of a servant who stood at one of the doors. "Yes, sir," she replied, "Mr. Carlyle's house is No. 5." Of course I stopped to look at No. 5. It was not more attractive in its external aspect than the rest of the houses in this street. In going out of Cheyne-row and turning into Cheyne-walk, I met a friend who said he had just met Carlyle taking his usual "constitutional." We strolled along Cheyne-walk, and my friend told me he was going to call on another eminent man—great both as an author and as an artist—and I gladly accepted his invitation to accompany him to Mr. Rossetti's. Cheyne-walk being a marine terrace of spacious and handsome houses, is more desirable than Cheyne-row. Maclise lived here till his death—my friend could not tell where, and he could not remember even the address of Dante Rossetti. "Where does Mr. Rossetti live?" he inquired of a young girl, apparently a domestic servant running to post. "In that big house over there, sir," was the reply. It was evident that the celebrities of the intellectual world are pretty well known in Chelsea. It was easy to find the house by the girl's direction; it is the largest of all the largest mansions in Cheyne Walk. It is an old-fashioned house, which has both the dignity and solidity of age, and was originally the residence of a famous Spanish ambassador. As the residence of Dante Rossetti it has been graphically described by Miss Thackeray in one of her novels. The artist-poet received us with great cordiality, and conducted us to his studio. The great picture on which he is known to be engaged was concealed from view; we merely saw the back of the canvass. As I knew that the artist's most intimate friends were not allowed to see it in its present unfinished state, I did not press my request for a peep. Looking round, I saw a number of smaller pictures, which the artist would probably refuse to sell at any price. There were portraits of friends, and among them was one of Mr. Swinburne and another of Mrs. Morris, the wife of Mr. William Morris, the poet, both marvellous studies. From the studio our host led us upstairs to show us his drawing-room, and as we ascended the staircase I saw that the walls were as thickly studded with pictures as Southey's were with books. The antique furniture was in harmony with the rare pictures that covered the walls, and the ancient ornaments that adorned every nook and corner. I could not have put my hand upon any place where there was not some exquisite specimen of art. "Let me show you my garden," said the artist, "you will be surprised at its size." And we saw in the arrangement of those spacious grounds the same artistic taste which we found displayed in every room, hall, and passage in the house. Mr. Rossetti has probably made a larger fortune by painting than he will ever make by poetry, although he is one of the five leading poets of the age. The founder of the Pre-Raphaelite School in England is still comparatively young to have accomplished so much in two different branches of art. Seldom indeed do we find supreme excellence in poetry and painting thus combined in one man.

Our correspondents are getting personal in their notes and observations; but the great reading public is thankful for the gossip.

POPULAR SUFFRAGE AT THE PLAY.

The people are to name the play they want to see and managers will make ready to indulge them. Note the following fact, testified to by the London Correspondent of the *Hereford Journal*:—

> Ballot boxes are fixed up at the Queen's Theatre, and the audience are requested to drop in the name of the Shakespearian piece which they would like to have to follow "The Tempest." Whatever play has a majority will be put in preparation at once to succeed "The Tempest," which seems likely to restore the fortunes of this well regulated and excellently managed theatre.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. BARRETT.

"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July*, 1869. "To Perry Davis & Son, London."

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COUNTRY LIFE.

Siarad tippyn bach o Gymraeg.

That which is expressed in the above lucid phrase is an act which the new County Court Judge for the Mid-Wales district cannot perform. The whole grievance, which is just now agitating Mid-Wales to its very centre, is put in a few terse and forcible words in an eloquent speech delivered a few days ago to his constituents by Mr. Jones-Parry, M.P. for county Carnarvon. After stating that when Mr. Tindal Atkinson was appointed to that judgeship some years ago, a great deal of discontent was expressed because that excellent lawyer could not speak the Welsh language, and that nothing whatever came of the well-grounded complaints of the people, Mr. Parry-Jones continued as follows:—

When Mr. Tindal Atkinson very deservedly was promoted to an English circuit, which I have no doubt he adorns, and wish him every success for the future, we all expected that after what had been said on a former occasion, we should have a gentleman who could understand a little Welsh. (Hear, hear.) We all expected the next judge would, at all events, be able to *siarad tippyn bach o Gymraeg*. What do we find? A gentleman appointed by the name of Cox. (Laughter.)

It is not for us to see the joke. In the outer darkness of our ignorance of Gymraeg we do not catch the slightest glimpse of a notion of the peculiar enormity of appointing a gentleman of the name of Cox. Is the name barbaric to the refined ears of the Welshman, attuned as it is to the classic euphony of Gymraeg? In the sublimated regions where ideas can only be made to correspond with the sounds and articulations which have been denied to all the world outside the borders of the Principality, does the name of Cox impress like an abomination the organs of hearing? We can imagine these things; for they happen sometimes among peoples who use the mushroom languages of modern Europe. That which is a pleasant and familiar name in Russia, for example, or Hungary, is a sound of horror in Italy or in France. We are sorry for Mr. Cox if the name which has probably been no cause of suffering to him or to his friends hitherto, while he was making for himself a reputation at the English bar, should create a prejudice against him whenever he is announced in the reception rooms of Mid-Wales society. For, barring the name, he might do much to qualify himself to live down the objection which has been raised against his appointment. He might go so far as to learn the Welsh language. We know a learned doctor, a gentleman born into the speaking of a language as distinguished in its way, we should think, as the Gymraeg—the language of the Low Countries—who has mastered most of the tongues and dialects of Europe, and this gentleman is of opinion that by setting to work in the right way any living language may be acquired in a fortnight. We shall be happy to introduce him to Mr. Cox, who, as a county court judge, will have much more leisure at his disposal than while he was practising at the bar. If he would do this, perhaps even the misfortune of his name might be forgiven him, or he might, seeing that he is known by what appears to us to be a simple monosyllable, compromise with his new friends and call himself Cox-Griffiths, or Morgan-Cox, unless it should be objected that such an alliance of Celtic and Saxon gutturals would be a profanity. Protests, it seems, have been addressed to the Lord Chancellor on the subject of this appointment, and his lordship has defended the selection of a non-Welsh-speaking lawyer, on the ground, principally, that the law requires that all legal proceedings shall be conducted in English.

We may assume, therefore, in spite of the warm controversy that is now agitating the mind of Mid-Wales, that the appointment will not be reversed. So we trust that in the course of time a good fraternal feeling will grow up between Mr. Cox and those among whom his lot is cast; and who knows but the time may come when he will be popular enough to receive a testimonial "in token of esteem," as did Dr. Robert Roberts of Blaenan Festiniog last week, and that in Mr. Cox's case, as in that of Dr. Roberts, some admiring friend, deputed to present the testimonial and address, with tears in his eyes will declare:—"It must be said of him in the words of the poet:—

Disgwyliem am haul, ond y seren fachludodd
Cyn i ni weld ond cysgod y wawr."

Salmon Fishing.

Who is there that will not spare a little indignation for the robber and the despoiler of the stock of young salmon in our rivers? This is a sore subject in these days. Our forefathers used to have salmon in abundance, and their apprentices, we are told, were overdone with it to the point of rebellion; but weirs, factory and town pollutions, and thieves, have so dealt with the streams up which the mother fish travels in that which is, in her family circle, the interesting season of the year, that the stock of salmon has been reduced almost to a scarcity, and has become a luxury quite beyond the reach of the poor man. But the weirs, pollutions, and poachers are not the only sinners, as we learn from the following passage in the speech of a gentleman at a recent meeting of the Town Council of Worcester. Those who know Worcester will remember how the river wanders about in the midst of the city, and when they remember the æsthetic feeling that flourishes in that classic region they will understand the motives which induce the Corporation to maintain a number of swans for the sake of their effect upon the aspect of the place. Here is the extract:—

Mr. Goldingham observed that members had hitherto been directing their attention to large items in the accounts; his remarks would refer to a very small one. It was the expenditure with regard to the swans. It appeared that last year this luxury cost £2 13s. 8d. They went to a great deal of trouble in prosecuting persons who contravened the salmon laws; but he was convinced that the swans did a great deal more harm. He had himself seen at Holt weir, and other spawning beds, swans with long strings of spawn at their bills, the spawn of salmon and trout. The swans were intended to give pleasure to the inhabitants; but in order to give pleasure they must be seen. They were expected to be in the river near Pitchcroft, but in fact they were seldom or never there. If any one wanted to know where they were, he could tell them. They were at the clay pits at Grimley, and by trailing through the grass at hay time did great mischief. He did not wish to be drawn before the public as one who was for killing the swans, but he suggested whether it would not be well to sell them or otherwise get rid of them.

Now, like the citizens of Worcester, we are great admirers of swans, but our partiality does not extend to such lengths that we would indulge them with as much incipient salmon at a luncheon as would develop by and by into a cwt. of fine fish at two shillings a lb. We have no doubt whatever that a string of salmon spawn is a very dainty dish for a swan; but even the imposing charms of these purely ornamental birds will not reconcile us to the extravagance to which they are addicted at Worcester. Our views indeed correspond exactly with those of the succeeding speaker, Mr. Airey, who said:—

He quite agreed with Mr. Goldingham that the swans were destructive to the fish in the river, and he was a decided advocate not only for prosecuting those who took salmon illegally, but also for the prosecution of the swans.

But we do not go all lengths with Mr. Airey; for he proceeded to say:—

He considered the swans were neither useful nor ornamental. People in this neighbourhood who wanted to see them were not able to do so, and those who did see them elsewhere would rather not see them.

As in the House of Commons, when the accounts are overhauled, so in the Worcester Town Council, items are criticised, apparently, as an amusing exercise of scrutiny, and with very little result. When these gentlemen had made their little speeches—which are, perhaps, stereotyped, and pronounced regularly once a year—the accounts were passed as they stood, and no further notice was taken of the swans or their depredations.

Two-ounce Parcels.

An important point has just been settled between the public and the Post Office authorities. Housekeepers have by experience been made aware of the fact that tradesmen's bills are sent by post in parcels open at the ends and bearing a halfpenny postage stamp. It is not easy to know for certain what is and what is not "in the nature of a letter," and, therefore, we believe that for a time only the boldest of experimentalists ventured to send their accounts and invoices to their customers by parcel post; but recently the practice has become general. It happened, however, that a week or two ago Messrs. Joseland and Sons, of Worcester, despatched a number of accounts in that form and so stamped, and to their surprise they learned that in several cases their customers had been charged a penny for each parcel on delivery. This was serious. It is bad enough to receive a bill; but it is adding insult to injury to charge us a penny for it. Complaint was, of course, made to the local postmaster, who replied that the words, "Cask to return," or "Bottles to return," written on the accounts, "constituted them letters" within the meaning of the regulations. The remainder of the story we quote from the *Worcester Herald*:—

Upon this Messrs. Joseland wrote to the Postmaster-General, giving the particulars, and mentioning that as, in the course of their business, they were sending out quarterly some thousands of small accounts, if they were to be regarded and treated as "letters," it would be necessary to revert to their former system of hand delivery. Many letters have since passed to and from the Post Office department, and Messrs. Joseland have finally received the following communication:—

"General Post Office, London, Nov. 9th, 1871.

"Gentlemen,—Referring to your letters of the 21st ult. and previous dates, I have to acquaint you that I find, upon inquiry, that the invoices in question have been charged one penny each at the Worcester Post Office under misapprehension. The mistake is regretted, and the Postmaster has been instructed not to charge similar invoices in future.

"One penny in each case will be refunded to you.

"I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"Messrs. Joseland & Sons." "G. Hardy."

We wish the Postmaster-General would either favour the public with a definition of a "letter," or advertise offering a reward for one that would place the matter at rest once for all between communications which belong to the mean category of book parcels, and those which rise to the dignity of letters. The editor whom we have quoted above avails himself of the opportunity to express a wish, which runs thus:—

For ourselves we should very much like to know whether the words at the foot of a copy of an advertisement "insert once" or "twice," as the case may be, render the communication liable to surcharge.

He may take it for granted that these ordinary advertisements are as much privileged as "bottles to return," or the words upon a receipt in acknowledgment for cash.

A Gleam of Coming Sunshine.

The time has not yet arrived when we dare begin to anticipate the joys of the summer of 1872, but engagements nevertheless have begun to be made, as witness the following announcement in the *Midland Counties Herald*:—

Many of our readers will be gratified to learn that the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society have decided to hold their next country meeting in the month of June next, at the Lower Grounds, Aston, which are peculiarly adapted for the purposes of the Society. The forthcoming visit of our National Horticultural Society should be considered in the light of a visit to the Midland Counties. So soon as the preliminaries are in a sufficiently forward state, a public meeting will be held for the purpose of appointing the committee and officers, and arranging for the creation of a fund for the purpose of offering extra prizes, &c.

There are few of our readers who will not call to mind one or more of the country shows of this great society. Recollecting what gigantic gatherings of the lovers and the growers of flowers and fruits they are, what enormous and astounding exhibitions, what preparations they involve, what journeyings to and fro between far corners of the land with wondrous specimens; we can form some idea—though yet perhaps only a faint one—of the greatness of the occasion, at a place like Aston, in the midst of the dense holiday-loving and open-handed population of the Midlands. Let no stranger to Birmingham imagine that a flower show cannot be held within range of the smoke of the Midland capital. Those who know not Aston, will be delighted beyond all anticipation with the charming grounds of Lower Aston, where the show is to be held. We would that we could abbreviate the dreary months of winter—whereof in this foggy and frosty November, we have already had enough—by thinking on the Royal Horticultural Exhibition at Aston in the coming summertide.

Loyalty in Leeds.

Sir Charles Dilke is taking rank with Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Murphy. On Monday, quite a scene occurred in the Town Council of Leeds, by reason of the fact that the Town Hall had been let for the purpose of enabling the too democratic baronet to deliver a lecture on "Royalty and Redistribution of Seats." We will not curtail one word of the speech of the Worshipful the Mayor of Leeds on this subject, seeing that the history of the building about to be profaned by the delivery of Sir Charles's lecture adds a peculiar piquancy to the event. Thus he spoke:—

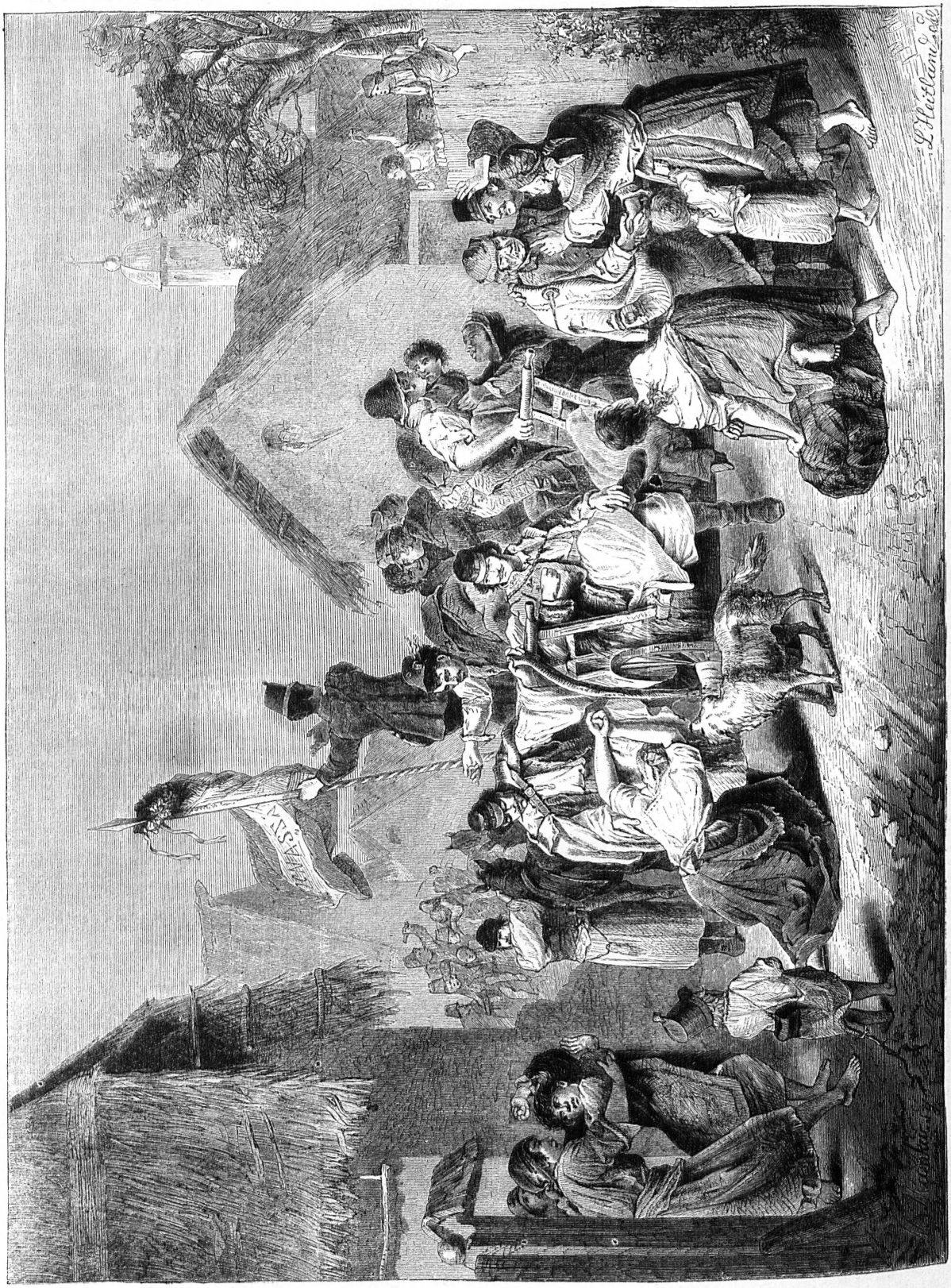
The Mayor said he held in his hand two letters, and he had received several others, in connection with a contemplated lecture by Sir Charles Dilke. One of these letters was from Mr. Wheelhouse, M.P., and another from Sir Andrew Fairbairn, protesting against the letting of the Town Hall to Sir Charles Dilke for the purpose of delivering a lecture, the supposition being that that lecture would contain sentiments similar to those which were introduced in a lecture delivered by the same gentleman in Newcastle. He might say that no one in the borough would regret more than he would that expressions such as were used and imputations such as were made on that occasion should be heard in the Town Hall of Leeds, a building which was opened by Her Majesty, in company with the late Prince Consort, and which, he thought, did honour to Her Majesty as well as to the town. They had all reason to rejoice that the Queen made the opening of this fine hall the object of a visit to Leeds, and they had had reason to rejoice ever since. The opening of the Town Hall was one of the greatest turning-points in the history of Leeds. He should say nothing more than this—that the hall had been let for the purpose of a lecture by Sir Charles Dilke, and that the letting had been effected through the ordinary channel. He had no power to alter the arrangement, because he had nothing to do with the letting of the hall. The hall was in the hands of the Corporate Property Committee, of which Mr. Alderman Shepherd was chairman, and Mr. Collins agent, so far as the letting of the hall was concerned. Of course, as the hall had been let, it was beyond his power to interfere. The matter was in the hands of the Council, but he did not know that anything could be done, because it appeared a contract had been entered into with the representatives of Sir Charles Dilke.

A warm discussion followed, the councillors generally expressing themselves anxious to discover some means of preventing the use of the hall for the unfortunate lecture. At length:—

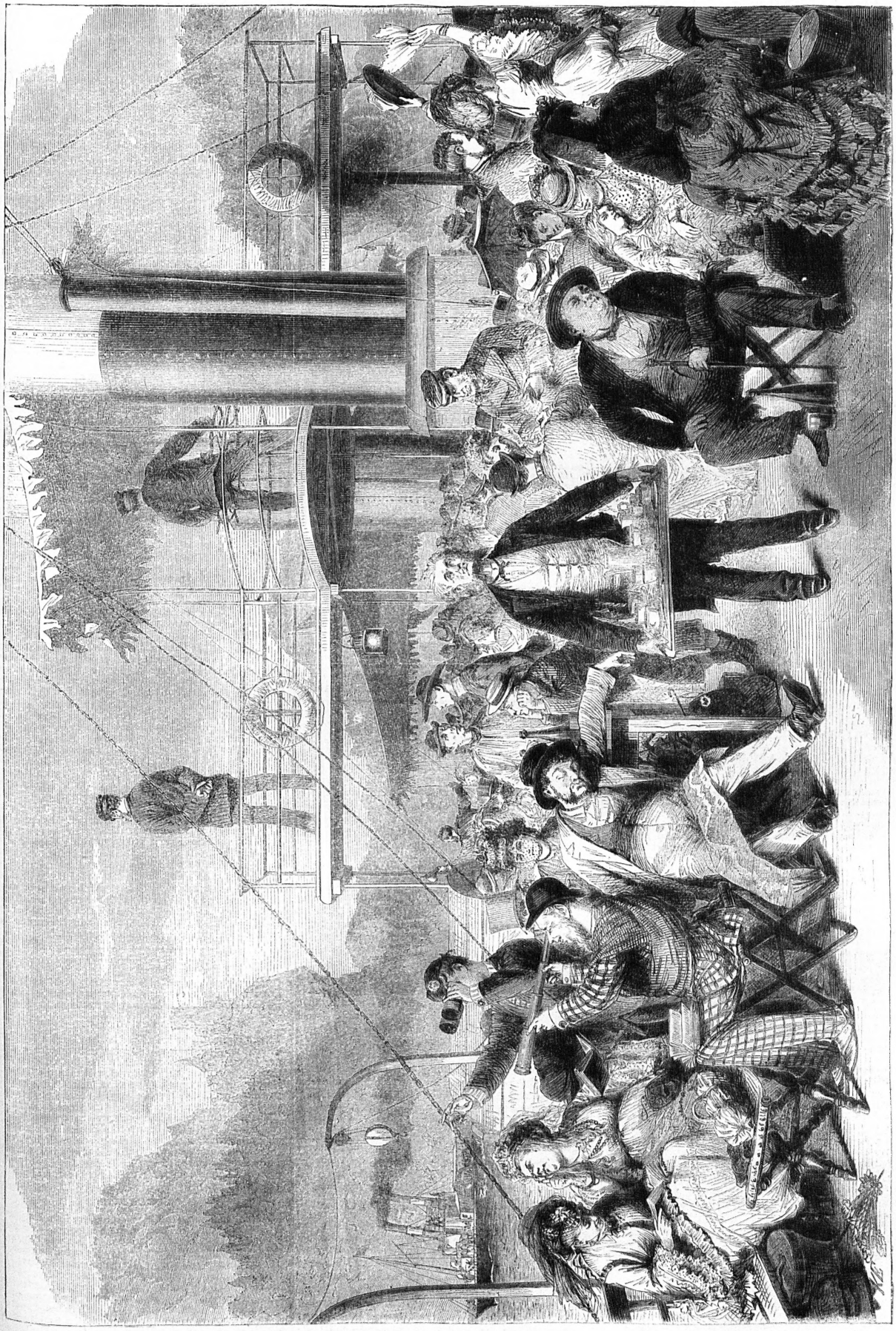
Mr. Ald. Carter, M.P., thought he might ease the minds of some of the gentlemen present if he told them that he took the hall on behalf of Sir Charles Dilke. He also stated that he had consented to be chairman at the lecture, with the distinct understanding that if anything was said disrespectful of the Queen he should go out of the chair the very moment it was said. If the Town Hall was refused, Sir Charles Dilke would lecture in some other room in Leeds, and he advised the Council, if they did not want to make a great stir about this matter, and to advertise it over the whole country, to enter into no discussion on the subject. Sir Charles Dilke had not done what many persons attributed to him, and he would ask those who were so furious about his disloyalty to go and hear him, and they would find that his lecture was nothing more than a discussion of the mode in which the money granted to the civil list was appropriated.

It does not appear whether the Worshipful the Mayor and councillors were content with this explanation, or whether they resolved to follow Alderman Carter's advice and go and hear the naughty oration—but nothing further was done with respect to the hall, and Sir Charles will no doubt see before him some of the municipal representatives of Leeds when he rises to enlighten the minds of the people of that town on the question of the cost of royalty.

The total amount of promises to the £100,000 Guarantee Fund of the United Kingdom Alliance is now upwards of £58,000, and of this amount over £18,000 has been subscribed by friends of the Alliance in Manchester and Salford.



GOING OUT TO WAR.



ON THE RHINE.

AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.
Produced for the first time,
PICKWICK,
By Charles Dickens, adapted and arranged expressly for this Theatre by James Albery.
The piece is produced in Four Acts, with a remarkable cast of characters, characteristic scenery, costumes, &c. [160

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.—The beautiful and elaborate Equestrian "Spectacle," THE LORNE LANCERS, accurately danced by Eight Horses, will, by universal desire, be continued until further notice. "E MENUET DE LA COUR," danced by Four Horses, is also comprised in the programme. The wonderful horse "DUCROW," who concludes his performance by running upstairs backwards; Miss Jenny Louise Hengler and her leaping mare "GAZELLE;" Mr. John Milton Hengler, the astounding Rope Dancer; and the largest, best organised, and most talented troupe of Equestrians, Gymnasts, Clowns, and Vaulters in the world. Open every Evening at 7.15, commence at 7.15. Prices 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE. First time of a New and Brilliant Equestrian Spectacle, entitled the LISTS OF ASHBY, taken from Sir Walter Scott's novel "IVANHOE," introducing the whole of the Talented Company and Splendid Stud of Horses.

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CHARLES HENGLER, Proprietor.

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PICTURE FRAMES, PICTURE FRAMING, &c. W. H. EMDIN, 55, Aldersgate Street. [See advt. last page.] [151

BAKER AND CRISP'S CHEAP SILKS.
FANCY DRESSES.
MUSLINS, PIQUES.
PERCALES, ALPACAS.
GRENADINES.
GAZ DE CHAMBRAYS.
COSTUMES, JACKETS.
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Please order early. [534

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ILLUSTRATED SERIAL WORK.
LONDON: A PILGRIMAGE.
BY
GUSTAVE DORÉ & BLANCHARD JERROLD.
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NEW PATENT AND OTHER CANDLES, NIGHT LIGHTS, AND TOILET SOAPS.

OZOKERIT—Patented.—This well-known Candle gives the most brilliant light, and from its hardness is specially adapted for Ball Rooms &c., &c.

SPERMACETI and COMPOSITION, or TRANSPARENT WAX CANDLES.—These beautiful Candles, the latter used by Her Majesty, distinguished by their soft light and steady burning, still maintain, in spite of the numerous competing varieties introduced of late, their high position amongst the upper classes, and can be had either with plain, or patent self-fitting ends, as desired.

SELF-FITTING.—These admirable Candles are yearly increasing in demand, and are supplied as heretofore in Spermaceti, Paraffine, Petro-Stearine, and also in Chamber Candles twelve in a box.

WEDGE-FITTING.—The trouble and danger of paper is avoided by the use of these patented Candles. Under the name of the "Westminster Wedge Candles," they are supplied as follows:—

Transparent Paraffine, Hard white and glossy Stearine, Composites of all qualities, } 6's, 8's, and 12's to 1lb. only.

AND

Chamber Candles, twelve candles in a box.

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The AERATED CANDLES have longitudinal internal channels for the prevention of guttering, and into these external air is introduced, adding brilliancy to the flame. Sold in boxes of 12, 18, and 24 candles each, varying in size, and the same price each box.

NIGHT LIGHTS.—Certainty and regularity. OGLEBY'S STAR NIGHT LIGHTS, as a rule, burn their time and give a good light.

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The SPERMACETI TABLET possesses valuable emollient properties and is exquisitely perfumed.

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NEW PATENT AND OTHER CANDLES, NIGHT LIGHTS, TOILET SOAPS,

May be obtained of all Dealers throughout the United Kingdom. The Trade alone supplied, but Messrs. FIELD will be happy to supply consumers with any information as to the special qualities of their goods, and with the names of their nearest vendors. [532

OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS CHANDELIERS
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS FOR INDIA.
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J. & P. COATS, SEWING, TATTING, AND CROCHET COTTON MANUFACTURERS, PAISLEY.
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J. & P. COATS beg to call the attention of the Public to their IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.
The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 50 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.
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CONTAINS a large per-centage of GLYCERINE, in combination with other ingredients of the most emollient kind.
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION
This Soap is invaluable. THE PERFUME IS RICH AND ENDURING. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.
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Wholesale and for Exportation. [436

NOTICE.
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THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

LONDON, NOVEMBER 25, 1871.

THE court-martial at Portsmouth has determined the question that the *Megæra* was not a ship which ought to have been despatched on such a voyage as its last. This has long been settled in the public mind, but it has received the official stamp, and it only remains to lay the great fault at somebody's door. This has also been done, but not, we may say, officially. The Admiralty were warned five years ago that the *Megæra* would shortly need extensive repairs, but, without heeding the warning voice or doing the repairs, they sent her on a perilous voyage, and we know the sad result.

THE Republicans have found another weapon in Sir C. DILKE. At a meeting of Republican representatives and Democratic societies held in London on Monday night a vote of thanks was given to Sir C. DILKE for his recent speech at Newcastle. Mr. ODGER asserted that there was a large and powerful feeling springing up in favour of a Republic, which he believed was much nearer than many persons suspected, and would be brought about without violence. He also stated that a Republican manifesto, which was being prepared, would shortly be issued to the people. Sir C. DILKE lectured in Bristol on Monday night, and made no concealment of the fact that he is a Republican. From beginning to end his voice was drowned in the uproar and other discordant noises made by a portion of the audience, though the majority seemed favourable to the speaker's sentiments. On one of the audience proposing three cheers for the QUEEN the applause was overpowered by hisses, whereas the mention of the Republic was cheered with enthusiasm. There were the usual rowdy-dowdy accompaniments to meetings of this order, consisting of fighting and breaking seats, concluding with a very lively *tableau vivant*—the storming of the platform. The singing of the National Anthem was twice attempted, but was drowned by the hisses and groans.

THERE have been two important cases of libel before the public this week. The surviving partner of the firm Messrs. IRWIN and TAYLER, attorneys, of Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, has taken proceedings against Mr. ALFRED BATE RICHARDS for mentioning in his novel a firm of Girwin and Nayler, of Virulence Buildings, Bay's Inn. Many disagreeable things are said about this firm, and Mr. IRWIN believes he is caricatured and ill-treated in this work of fiction. If Mr. A. B. RICHARDS should be convicted there are many authors, we should think, who will sit uncomfortably in their seats. The second case is against JOHN HAMPDEN, who surrendered to take his trial before Mr. Commissioner KERR at the Central Criminal Court, on Tuesday morning, on an indictment charging him with sending through the post cards containing libellous statements concerning JOHN HENRY WALSH, Editor of the *Field*. In February, 1870, defendant was of opinion that the earth was flat. To prove this he proposed an experiment to decide whether there is a curvature of water. He entered into an agreement with a gentleman named WALLACE, and each deposited £500, the whole sum to be given to the person in whose favour the question was decided. Mr. WALSH was appointed the arbitrator, and decided against HAMPDEN. HAMPDEN then sent post-cards to Mr. WALSH accusing him of fraud, but afterwards apologised publicly for so doing. Defendant was liberated on finding a surety for £50 and entering into his own recognisances to come up for judgment if called upon.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

THE Globe is now one of the most comfortable little theatres in London. Its fittings and decorations are tasteful and bright, and rouse the better spirits and secure the good feelings of the audience before the curtain goes up. Though the feeling of satisfaction is not much improved by the orchestra, it is perfected by fine acting in the agreeable little comedy, "Partners for Life," which is mounted in costly and exquisite style. The play is a fair specimen of the modern (Robertson-Albery) school, and among the company we find some of the best interpreters of that school, notably Mr. Montague and Mr. David Fisher, and Misses Carlotta Addison and Fanny Josephs. We should also mention Mr. Charles Neville, who throughout is natural and good. To see Mr. Compton is to smile and have happy reminiscences of past evenings at the Haymarket with the old comedies; but he is out of his element at the Globe. His part, *Muggles* (a weak imitation of *Dr. Pangloss*), is unworthy of Mr. Compton, and unsuited to him; he makes the best of it, however, and secures the applause of his hearers. If he were to appear in one of his own favourite characters as an afterpiece to "Partners for Life," the programme would be improved: "Family Jars," for instance, assisted by Mr. E. W. Garden. If we were the management we should do this if possible, and abolish fees. Our friends who care to enjoy themselves will go to the Globe at once, where they will see a new play, and a new manager at the head of the new play, and a strong company. We hope Mr. Montague will succeed in his new undertaking, and that he and the Globe will be "partners for life."

"Rebecca," at Drury Lane, probably the finest spectacular drama ever produced, continues to draw good houses, and the "Tempest," at the Queen's, promises to have a long run. All playgoers should see Miss Henderson as *Ariel* and George Rignold as *Caliban*.

The old Victoria Theatre, which a few months ago terminated an existence of more than half a century's duration, is about to open with the more imposing title, "Victoria Palace." The interior has been entirely rebuilt, and the *auditorium* will be one of the largest in London, every visitor to the pit being allowed a cushioned arm-chair, with the use of an extensive promenade. The boxes will also open on a large promenade, leading to a saloon.

Miss Helen Faucit has been giving farewell performances at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. In speaking of the event the *Manchester Guardian* says:—"The reputation of Miss Faucit is one to which no praise of ours can add. It lives in the remembrance of those whom she has so often delighted and instructed, and will continue to shine in the history of the profession which she has adorned. Time, which now robs us of the actress, has dealt gently with her powers; and the applause of the crowded audience which greeted her on Monday night was the tribute of an admiration due not to the past so much as to the present."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ON our first page we give a portrait of MISS JENNY LOUISE HENGLER, the graceful equestrienne, of whom we have made mention in previous numbers.

GOING OUT TO WAR.

THESE big men who have lived in the village a lifetime, without missing their wives and sweethearts for a day, are going out to the war. Some of the men do not thoroughly realise the sad event, and take the farewell kisses with hearty good humour. Children must have a vague notion of the horrors of war: there are two youngsters on the farm railings enjoying the scene as much as a circus procession. The poor woman on the left is overcome with grief, and cannot be cheered by her bold, manly husband, although he is gentle with her, and conceals his own sorrow. In the old man's face there is determination and sadness; he is proud to fight for his country, but the farewell touches his heart, and makes a child of him.

ON THE RHINE.

Here they are on the Rhine—travellers from England, from Scotland, from France, from America—the worshippers of Cook and his coupons. It is a fine day, and the beauties of the Rhine are brought out to perfection. The guides are rehearsing for the thousandth time the story of a certain crumbling castle that will be reached presently, and the French damsel to the left is referring to her "Murray," that she may give her mamma full particulars in due time. Coffee is being handed round, and all on board, with the exception of the waiter, seem to be thoroughly enjoying themselves.

THE PARTING.

It is a sad scene. The young soldier is leaving his young wife nearly broken-hearted, and is taking farewell of his mother. The children, too, are waiting to be kissed, probably thinking papa is going to the fair to buy them some ribbon, and will be back soon. War is a strange trade; the soldier does not only leave his wife to become perhaps a widow, but goes out to kill the husbands of other women.

STATUE OF APOLLO.

This fine statue, representing the young Apollo as the God of Day, has just been completed. It is the work of Professor Emil Wolff, who is now residing at Rome. He was born in Berlin in 1796, and takes rank as one of the first sculptors of his country.

COLDITZ CASTLE, SAXONY.

Colditz is one of the most romantic buildings in Saxony. It is connected with many ghost and goblin stories, but is principally associated with Barbarossa, who lived here.

THE FIRE AT MESSRS. FIELD'S OZOKERIT WORKS is the subject of an article in another column.

THE IRISH EDUCATION QUESTION.

A DEPUTATION of Irish national teachers waited on Saturday on the Marquis of Hartington, at Dublin Castle, for the purpose of laying their claims and grievances before the Government in view of the introduction of the proposed Irish Education Bill. The deputation urged the inadequacy of their present salaries, amounting, on the average, to 13s. 4d. per week, the necessity for retiring pensions, and their strong objection to the proposed system of payment by results, as being inapplicable to a country like Ireland, having a scattered and chiefly rural population. One of the speakers observed that originally it had been expected that the salaries given to the teachers by the State would be largely supplemented by local contributions, but that in effect the local contributions form but seventeen per cent. of the total income, and of that amount little more than one fourth represented subscriptions of the local gentry. The Marquis of Hartington, in replying to the deputation, said he hoped the Government would shortly be able to deal with the entire subject. It appeared to him that it was on the point of local contributions that the Irish National Education system had broken down. The Government saw no reason why the whole cost of Irish education should be borne by the State and not by the localities. Parliament would not be willing to increase still further the vote for Irish education, and it was probable that in dealing with the matter the Government would have to fall back upon the establishment of a school rate. He could hardly imagine that the Irish national teachers would object on principle to a system of payment by results which had worked satisfactorily in England, and which enabled an active man to earn more than one who took little pains; but in the peculiar circumstances of Ireland as regarded population, perhaps it would be inexpedient that payment by results should form the whole or the greater part of the Irish teacher's salary.

At a meeting of the committee of the Irish Congregational Union held in Belfast on Friday, to consider the manifesto of the Roman Catholic Bishops in reference to Irish national education, resolutions were passed—first, declaring their approval of, and adherence to, the principles of non-sectarian education, and entirely disapproving of denominational education, as unsuited to the state of the country and calculated to perpetuate sectarian bigotry; secondly, protesting against State aid being given to any schools in which the conscience time table is not strictly enforced; thirdly, protesting against the endowment of schools and colleges exclusively belonging to any religious denomination; fourthly, declaring the national schools essential to the completeness of the national system, and therefore condemning as highly objectionable and unjust the action of the National Education Commissioners in encouraging the erection of rival establishments; fifthly, declaring the large number of children of all denominations attending the national schools to be a proof that the system has obtained the approval of the people; and, sixthly, "That while we sympathise with our English brethren in their present able and arduous efforts to get rid of the objectionable clause of the English Education Act, which enabled the English Boards to tax the community for payment of fees in denominational schools, we earnestly beg their assistance in our efforts to resist the demands made to place the education of this country in the hands of the Roman hierarchy."

THE MAGNIFICENT FISK IN "A TIGHT PLACE."

THE *Echo's* New York correspondent says the arrest of Tweed is eclipsed by the arrest of James Fisk, jun., and the threatened developments in the suit brought against him by Miss Helen Josephine Mansfield, to recover 50,000 dols. given by her to Fisk to buy and furnish a house for her. Miss Mansfield is well known to New Yorkers as, for a long time, the mistress of the great Erie director, who finally discarded him for a rival named Stokes, and the story runs that when she dismissed him she insisted upon terms, it is said, which greatly affected Fisk, even to the shedding of tears. It can be readily understood, then, that between Fisk on the one side, and Mansfield and Stokes on the other, a bitter enmity exists; as the two gentlemen had been previously connected in some business transactions, various legal complications have arisen between them, and Stokes has more than once threatened to show up Fisk from his letters to his mistress. Only the other day Fisk believed they were about to do this, and he got out an injunction restraining the parties from publishing certain affidavits and letters, and even preventing Miss Mansfield from relating *viva voce* anything about Fisk's transactions with her. But injunctions are not going to restrain American journalists, and several of our morning papers will publish the affidavits upon which Fisk was arrested, and also a letter to Fisk himself from Mansfield, which hints at important revelations in the documents enjoined by Judge Pratt. She says:—"Do you in your sane moments imagine that I will quietly submit to the deliberate and wicked perjury in swearing to those injunction papers? Unfortunately for yourself, I know too well the many crimes you have perpetrated. Was it not only recently you bought over my servants, a negro boy, Richard E. King, also my cook, and bribed them to perjure themselves to aid your villainy? I have the sworn proof of what I tell you, and more. You surely recollect the fated Black Friday—the gold brokers you gave orders to buy gold, and then repudiated the same, because, as you said, they had no witnesses to your transactions. There was one I recollect in particular, a son of Abraham, who had the courage to swear out an attachment against the Grand Opera House for what was justly due to him; and how you and Jay Gould ruined the poor victim by breaking up his business, and having him arrested and imprisoned for perjury. And at the time you premeditated this crime, you well knew he had your written order to buy gold, and you were the perjurer. It is only four years ago since you revealed to me the scheme for stealing the Erie books; how you fled with them to Jersey city, and I remained there with you nine long weeks; how, when you were buying the Legislature, the many anxious nights I passed with you at the telegraphic wire, when you told me it was either a Fisk palace in New York or a stone palace at Sing-Sing, and, if the latter, would I take a cottage outside its walls, that my presence would make your rusty irons garlands of roses, and the very stones you would have to hammer and crack appear softer under my influence. You secured your Erie palace, and now use your whole force of Erie officials to slander and injure me. It is indeed heroic and worthy the hero of the memorable 12th of July last." It is clear that these papers must soon see the light, and then it may be that Fisk will stand a fair chance yet of enjoying life in "the stone palace of Sing-Sing"—the States' prison.

THE RECENT GREAT FIRE AT BATTERSEA.

WE publish this week two engravings of the ruins of Messrs. J. C. and J. Field's Ozokerit Refinery, from photographs taken soon after the fire which occurred on the 1st September last, and must be fresh in the recollection of most of our readers, from the prominent notice taken of the catastrophe in all the leading journals. Recollecting, from our own experience, the speculation about the magic word "Ozokerit" some few months ago, we gladly availed ourselves of a visit to Battersea, in order to learn a little more about the curious substance from which certainly the most beautiful candles at present are produced. The works, although in a state of rapid reconstruction, are not yet completed; but from our conversation with the managers, we acquired a good deal of information, which we think will be acceptable to our readers. We were shown a specimen of the native substance, which, indeed, looked an unpromising material (at least to those not acquainted with the subject) for the production of candles, but it was explained to us how, by various processes of refinement, it was gradually brought up in appearance to the Ozokerit which is now so universally known. From the deep brown or nearly black of the native mineral, we saw specimens of a lighter shade, then yellow, and lastly clear and beautiful white. Professor Letheby, who has taken great interest in Ozokerit, has recently made a report, from which we cannot do better than give an extract:—

NUMBER OF GRAINS REQUIRED TO GIVE THE LIGHT OF 1,000 GRAINS OF THE BEST SPERMACETI CANDLES.

Ozokerit candles	754
Paraffine candles .. .. from 798 to	891
Sperm candles	1000
Wax candles	1150
Various compound candles .. from 992 to	1189
Stearic acid candles	1200

It would seem, therefore, to possess the highest illuminating power of all descriptions of candles; in fact, the leading peculiarities of the substance are:—

1. It has a very high melting point, and does not bend or soften in a warm room.

2. It has great illuminating power.

3. It burns with a dry cup, and is not so liable to gutter as ordinary transparent candles.

4. It is entirely free from smell, and has an appearance which closely resembles the finest bleached bees' wax, and it is not at all greasy to the touch.

These are most valuable properties, and I regard the result as a very successful application of chemical and practical knowledge to the utilisation of a remarkable natural product.

H. LETHEBY, M.B., M.A., &c.,

Professor of Chemistry in the College of the London Hospital, and Chief Gas Examiner for the Metropolis.

The factory is being rapidly reconstructed. There is nothing more remarkable in the history of great cities than the rapidity of repairs. A few days ago the "Ozokerit" refinery was in the condition exhibited in our pictures. Nothing was that had been. The place was a complete wreck. Not even all the walls were standing. Nothing could exceed the desolation of the ruins. Even the engine and boilers were a complete wreck, some of the metal being burnt and twisted into all manner of strange shapes. Ozokerit and molten brass and copper had run together in lumps among the ruins. Our engravings tell this story of annihilation better than it can be described with a pen. A few weeks hence all this will be changed. Builders and engineers are at work almost day and night in carrying out plans of restoration. Massive boilers, retorts, vats, and new walls are growing up under their combined operations. Before the year is out Messrs. Field's manufactory will be completing their enormous orders for the new candle which were suddenly interrupted by one of the most destructive and alarming fires in the records of modern London.

FLOGGING GARROTTERS.

TWO young men, named Bernard Bryan and Samuel Lilley, were convicted at the last session of the Central Criminal Court of robberies with violence, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, with flogging. The latter part of the punishment was inflicted at Newgate Prison, on Saturday morning. Calcraft officiated, and, describing the scene, the *Echo* says:—"There is a slight hissing through the air, and the thongs fall with a dull pat upon the naked flesh from the right shoulder diagonally across to the waist. The man winces slightly, but bears it without a murmur. Lash! lash! lash! slowly and regularly, and after the first three or four, thin red lines streak the prisoner's back, but no blood. The lashes fall on slowly and regularly, but no cry escapes the man till the twelfth, when he begins to writhe a little, and utters a suppressed 'Oh!' The skin now grows furiously red, and the lines streaked across run one into the other till by the time twenty lashes had been administered a broad scarlet band, like a heraldic bar sinister, marked the ruffian, who now uttered a dull 'Oh!' half sigh, half groan, at every blow—blows administered with the greatest coolness by Calcraft. 'Flog fairly,' exclaimed Bryan at last, evidently asking for a distribution of the lashes over a wider surface; but they fell in the same line regularly and methodically to the thirtieth, when the man was cast loose, the blood ready to start through the bruised skin; but not a strand of the cat is stained, and the man is merely looking a little faint as he walked back to his cell. The time of execution was but one minute and twenty seconds. Samuel Lilley was the second offender upon whom sentence was to be carried out; a younger, more boyish-looking fellow. He stood smiling as he stripped off his shirt, evidently holding the preparations in contempt, but his thinner, fairer skin threatened to give place to more suffering, as it proved. His punishment was to be but twenty-five lashes for robbery with violence, and the same term of imprisonment and supervision awarded to his fellow. His crime was robbery from the person, one of those street attacks upon a defenceless woman, whose watch he seized in open daylight in a busy street, snatched the chain, and ran off, pursued, though, by a couple of witnesses of the deed. These overtook and captured him, but not until he had made a desperate resistance, using for weapon a stone which he held in his hand. It seems absurdly, scandalously unjust that he should be flogged for such an offence while the 'cat' never touches the back of such scoundrels as that Bolton man, who lately set on a dog to tear the flesh from his wife's arm. A minute sufficed for him to be secured in position, and the flogging recommenced. The first blow made the poor wretch wince terribly, writhing, as far as his well-secured arms and legs would allow. Suppressed exclamations escaped him as the blows fell, and it seemed as if involuntarily the quivering muscles crept closer to the stocks, so as to place a few more inches distance between them and the executioner, the man curving his back inward and twisting so as to hinder the strokes of Calcraft, who stopped and drew the lashes through his left hand from time to time, disentangling them, and waiting till the man had resumed his upright attitude before he continued the flogging. 'Don't stop, please!' 'Keep on, please!' the prisoner exclaimed, as the halts were made, and then another and another blow fell, Calcraft coolly telling the wincing culprit to hold still, or he would only hurt himself all the more. 'Don't stop, please; hit further up, please,' were the next appeals, and at last in his agony the man laid his head down upon one arm with a gasping utterance—that peculiar sibillant drawing in of the breath of one in intense pain. The effects were the same as in the last; the diagonal pink lines growing scarlet, and running into one another till there was a broad scarlet band, which quivered and flushed and changed colour. But there was no blood; and when the cat was afterwards examined, it was not even moistened, every knotted thong remaining dry and crisp as when first brought out for use. Twenty-four, twenty-five lashes fell, and then a loud voice cried 'Stop!' and the prisoner was cast loose, to walk quietly away from the post. There had been no shrieks or loud groans—nothing to indicate that the punishment was very terrible. No appearance of fainting, nothing more than might be expected from a sharp lashing, that tingled and turned the skin to a tremendous extent, no doubt. There was nothing, in fact, more than what seemed to be wholesome punishment."

NEW MUSIC.

(Published by Cramer, Wood, and Co.)

CRAMER'S CELEBRATED TUTOR. Edited by J. Rummel.—The house of Cramer has always been celebrated for its educational works in music. The book under notice, No. 1 of a new series, is equally useful to teacher and pupil. It is full of carefully considered elementary details, gradually developed into some of the most important of educational exercises. The primary portion of the work contains a complete representation of the entire scale of the key-board, which will be found of great advantage to beginners. We heartily recommend this tutor for its excellence and completeness.

CRAMER'S VOCAL GEMS. New Series.—Nos. 45 and 46 of this excellent musical serial are before us. No. 45 is a Scott Centenary number, containing twelve popular Scotch songs. In No. 46 will be found nine new and popular songs by Offenbach, Cooper, Macfarren and Co.

THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEER. Song. Written by J. Denis Coyne. Composed by Alberto Randegger.

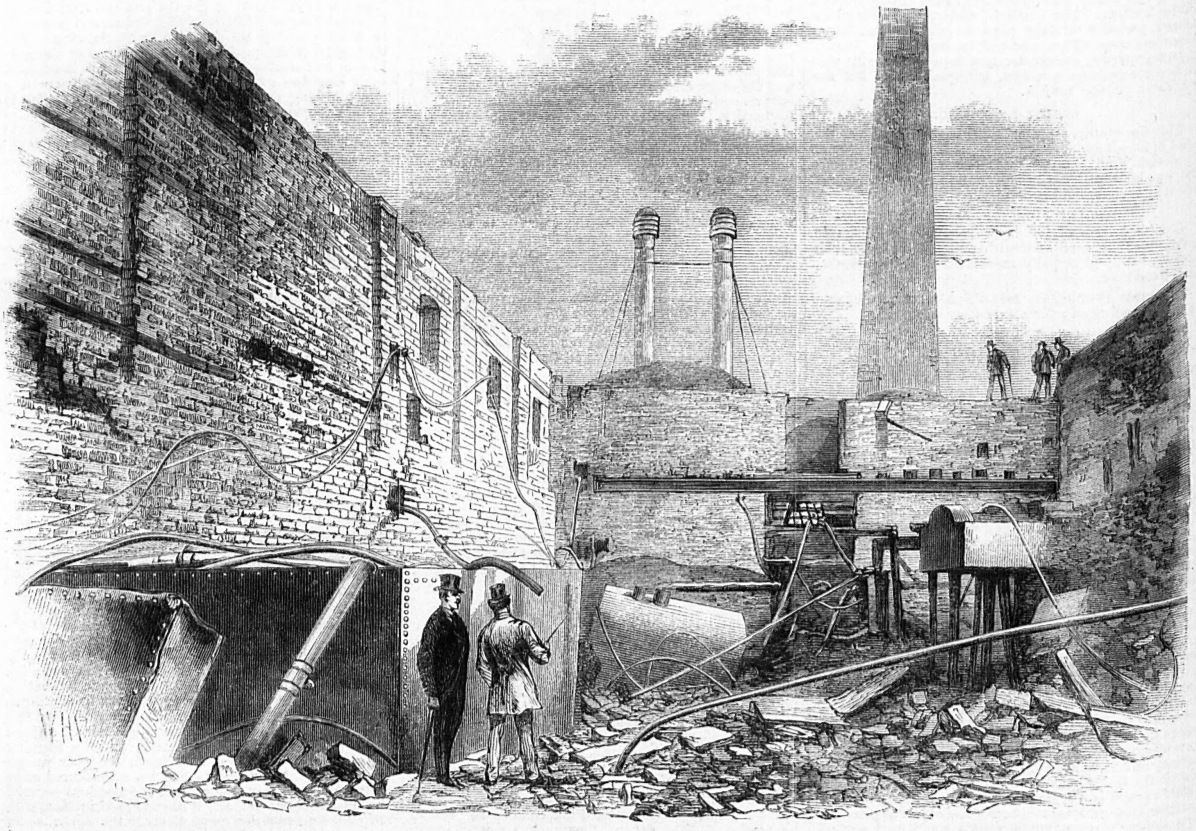
SHE SLEEPS! MY LADY SLEEPS. Serenade. Words from Longfellow's "Spanish Student." Music by James F. Simpson.

FORGOTTEN. Song. Written and Composed by Louisa Gray.

THE LAND OF THE SETTING SUN. Duettino for Mezzo Soprano and Tenor. Words by Frederick Enoch. Music by Henry Smart.

SCOTCH AIRS. By Oscar Beringer.

DANS LES BOIS. Morceau Caracteristique. By A. Rendano.



THE LATE FIRE AT MESSRS. FIELD'S OZOKERIT WORKS: VIEW OF THE RUINS OF LABORATORY AND ENGINE ROOM.

THE LATE FIRE AT MESSRS. FIELD'S OZOKERIT WORKS: GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS.

THE PARTING.

M. TAINE'S "NOTES ON ENGLAND."

(From the Paris *Temps*.)

ENGLISH POETRY AND RELIGION.

To a mind thus attuned the true medium of expression is poetry. In proportion as the English are inferior in the other arts, is their superiority in this one. My belief is that no poetry equals theirs, and makes a stronger and sharper impression on the mind; that there is none of which the words are more charged with meaning, or which more faithfully reproduces the struggles and aims of the inner man, of which the grasp is more effective and firm, and which moves the individual and deep-seated fibres so as to draw forth from them such splendid and far-reaching harmonies. On this head it would occupy too much space were I to pass their literature in review; I content myself with citing only one recent poem, "Aurora Leigh," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, an extraordinary work, which is also a masterpiece; I repeat, that space fails me in order that I may state, after having perused it twenty times, how beautiful I consider it to be. It contains the confession of a generous, heroic, and impassioned spirit, one superabounding in genius, of which the culture has been complete; a philosopher and a poet dwelling amid the loftiest ideas, and surpassing the elevation of her ideas by the nobility of her instincts, wholly modern by her education, by her high-mindedness, by her daring, by the perpetual vibration of her strained sensibility, wound up to such a pitch that the slightest touch awakens in her a vast orchestra and the most wonderful symphony of concords. It is all soul, and the inward monologue, the sublime song of a young girl's and artist's great heart, attracted and irritated by an enthusiasm, and a pride as strong as her own; the sustained contrast of the masculine and feminine utterance, which, amid the outbursts and the variations on the same theme, continually become separated and opposed in greater measure, till at last, suddenly combining, they unite in a prolonged, mournful, and exquisite duo, of which the strain is so lofty and so penetrating as to be wholly unsurpassable. Formerly, an epic poem turned upon the foundation and destruction of cities, and the strife of gods; this one turns on the struggles of ideas and passions, on the transformations of characters; its author having drawn her materials not from the outer but from the inner life; and, large though the epic framework is, the inner life is still ample enough to fill it. The vicissitudes of a soul so redundant and full of life are as important as the encounters of armies. In default of legends and divine apparitions, it has forecasts of the infinite, dreams and aspirations which comprise the world, wild or luminous conception of beauty and of truth, its hell and its heaven, dazzling visions, ideal vistas which, unlike those of Homer, do not open upon a tradition, nor, like those of Dante, upon a dogma, but upon the highest peaks of modern ideas, in order to reunite at a still loftier eminence around a sanctuary and a God. There is nothing official in this God; he is the God of the soul, of a fervid and fruitful soul in which poetry becomes piety, which develops its noble instincts all around, and diffuses over infinite nature its sentiment of holy beauty. The whole is set forth in a style almost unique, which is less a style than the most daring, most sincere, and most faithful method of a notation, created at every moment and in every variety for the purpose, so that one never thinks about the words, beholding directly, and, as it were, face to face, the living thought leap forth with its quiverings, its surprises, its soarings suddenly checked, its unheard-of flights from sarcasm and familiarity up to ecstacy; a strange language, but true down to the minutest details, the only one fitted for translating the heights and depths of the inner life, the approach, the arrival, and the turmoil of inspiration, the sudden concentration of a crowd of ideas, the unexpected outburst of imagery, and the endless illuminations which, like the aurora borealis, successively shine forth in a lyrical imagination.

> Never flinch,
> But still, unscrupulously epic, catch
> Upon the burning lava of a song,
> The full-veined, heaving, double-breasted Age;
> That when the next shall come, the men of that
> May touch the impress with reverent hand, and say,
> "Behold—behold the paps we all have sucked!
> This bosom seems to beat still, or at least
> It sets ours beating; this is living art,
> Which thus presents and thus records true life."

A style like that is the natural complement of such thoughts.

> Let us think
> Of forms less, and the external. Trust the spirit,
> As sovran nature does, to make the form;
> For otherwise we only imprison spirit
> And not embody. Inward evermore
> To outward—so in life, and so in art,
> Which still is life.

Poetry, thus understood, has but one personage, the inner man, and but one style, the cry of a triumphant or broken heart.

The more I reflect upon this conformation of the English mind, on their habit of introspection, on this pre-eminence of the moral being, this necessity for regarding nature through the eyes of the moral being from first to last, the more clearly do I arrive at an understanding of the strong and innumerable roots of that serious poem, which is here called religion. In order to comprehend with exactness its value and authority, it is essential to distinguish two things—on the one hand the wording of the editor, on the other the sentiment of the reader.

This wording varies according to the views of the different sects—Quakers, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Unitarians, Anglicans, but that of the last is the most commonly accepted. And with reason, for the Chnrch of England has on her side antiquity, her alliance with the State, her privileges, her endowments, her Bishops seated in the House of Lords, her preponderance in the Universities, her mean position betwixt two extremes, between the faith, the dogma, and the spirit of the Puritans, and the faith, the dogma, and the spirit of the Roman Catholics. In the first place she is an old and legal compromise, and this suits the majority, which everywhere loves compromises, willingly follows tradition, and is obedient to the law. Moreover, she is rich, she is a power in the State, she has ties among the aristocracy, she has good connections, she is one of the organs of the constitution, and, in virtue of all these titles, she finds favour among statesmen, among Conservatives, among men of the world, among all those who wish to be considered respectable. To crown all, her Prayer Book is very beautiful, her services are noble and impressive, her conduct is semi-tolerant, she permits some play to the free judgment of the individual. Thus accredited, she proposes and imposes her version, and it may be said that this version is generally admitted. There are three distinct parties in this State Church: one, which is the more aristocratic, leans more upon authority, has the greater fondness for ritual, is called the High Church; the other, which is more popular, more ardent, more eager to make conversions and renovate the heart, is called the Low Church party. Both of them, being rather narrow and inflexible, leave scope for the operations of a Liberal party, the Broad Church, which includes the minds which are the most eminent and conciliatory, and the best qualified for reconciling science and faith. Thanks to the latter party, the gulf which separates lay thought from ecclesiastical tradition has ceased to be impassable.

Among several other polemic and dogmatic treatises, I have just read Alford's "Greek Testament," one of the most authorised commentaries on the Scriptures. He does not go so far as the German critics; his historical judgment is burdened by foregone conclusions, yet his concessions are sufficiently large to satisfy common sense. According to him the Evangelists are not in perfect accord; sometimes even, more especially as regards chronology, they contradict each other. "This is because they were not mere speaking-trumpets, channels of the Holy Ghost, but simple, holy men, inspired by it." They had common materials from which to write, to wit, tradition and some imperfect texts, but these materials were "subject to all the varieties of diction, arrangement, omission, and addition which a narrative admits of when it is the offspring of several individual minds and several different places." Each narrator, according to the nature, the defects, and the compass of his information, his memory, his imagination, and his sentiment, left his mark upon it. The whole is true, but it is true as a whole only. Now, between the divine kernel and the human covering, the dividing point is not clear; each person may cut off more or less, and even in the Church itself many persons cut off a large portion. According to Dean Stanley, being a Christian does not consist in believing in particular events in the life of Jesus, in particular dogmas revealed by Jesus, but in Jesus Himself, in the moral and religious spirit with which the Gospels are inspired. He explains the gift of tongues in the same way as M. Rénan. He admits, like the German theologians, that the Gospels, such as we have them, were composed long after the Epistles of Saint Paul. His comments on these Epistles are in the style of modern criticism, being marked by the details, the judgment, the independent and piercing forecasts which now-a-days distinguish a commentary on Dante or Pascal. He depicts Corinth, with its sea and its temples, after Pausanias, after the reports of travellers, after the experience of his own travels. He exhibits Saint Paul dictating to Sosthenes, a disciple who sits beside him and who stops every now and then to remind him of an omission. "We can imagine that the letter to which Saint Paul replied was unrolled before him in such a manner that he could see at a glance the difficulties suggested, raise objections in turn, sometimes citing them in the very words employed, and sometimes in his own language." He effectively describes and explains Saint Paul's style, a style as powerful and wonderful as the matter itself; a style jerky and forced, owing to the interior emotion, wholly composed of outbursts or rough fragments of burning thoughts leaping and clashing like pieces of lava amid flame and smoke; he likens it in some respects to that of Thucydides, better still to that of Cromwell. He shows the Hebraic temperament and the Oriental imagination of the Apostle, apropos of which he recalls the state of mind characteristic of the Prophets and the Psalmists, and he goes the length of pointing out the relics of a similar form of mental exaltation among the Mahometan dervishes. In short, according to him, in order to understand the era of the Evangelists it is necessary above all to form a conception of enthusiasts and of the scenes of enthusiasm such as formerly occurred among the Puritans, and may now be found in the "shoutings" of America. Mr. Jowitt carries criticism farther still. When reading the New Testament he puts the common version on one side, and takes that of Lachman, the first being to the second what the Sophocles and Thucydides of the Revival are to those of Dindorf and of Becker, or what the "Pensées" of Pascal, published by the Port-Royal, are to the same "Pensées" edited by M. Feugère. The faith of the early Christians did not exactly resemble ours. "They believed that the end of the world and the second coming of Christ were at hand;" transported with their conversion they lived in a species of "ecstacy;" their faith was simple and child-like, "it was the belief of men who did not try to penetrate the designs of Providence, aud who had never dreamed about the perspectives of the future; it was the sentiment of men who thought about the coming of Christ as we think about the return of a lost friend, many of them having seen Him upon earth, and being unable to believe that He had been taken away for ever." Regarding the outside only, and from the world's point of view, they left the impression which would now be made by a sect of Dissenters, poor dreamers whom the men of the world would consider fanatical, narrow-minded, eccentric, and even dangerous. Their language bears marks of their mental disposition. The words justice, faith, charity are much more vague as used by Saint Paul than by us; they correspond to a more excited frame of mind, to a less definite play of ideas. When he says that Adam's sin is imputed to us, he is moved by an outburst of passion, he writes in the style of the Hebrews; this merely means "that we are all as one man by the community of our evil nature," and by this community, and not otherwise, are we all united in Adam's transgression. The excitement and the imagination of the Apostle and the Oriental are manifested by his frequent use of "very nearly," and his figures of speech are not formulas. When he speaks of redemption and sin offering, he alludes to a Jewish custom. Between this stormy and inspired spirit, which comes out of the Synagogue, speaks in ejaculations, thinks in blocks, and the lucid, exact, discursive modern intellect, which separates and follows, one by one, the mass of precise ideas, the difference is enormous. It would be absurd, and horrible in addition, to elevate local metaphors into philosophical doctrines. The reader sees for himself the consequence of principles like these—to wit, the advent of philology, of criticism, of psychology, the renovation of theology, the transfiguration of dogma. The effect of this is visible already. Distinguished men, historians, clergymen, have resigned their positions in the University and in the Church, because their consciences no longer assented to the Thirty-nine Articles. Bishop Colenso, of Natal, when questioned by converts about the Old Testament, and asked to pledge his word of honour that it was all true, fell into deep reflection, began to study the subject, read the German explanations, and ended by publishing a book which relegated the Biblical stories to the rank of myths. One of my friends, who is very well informed, estimates that out of twenty-four bishops there are four who favour the liberal criticisms emanating from Oxford; moreover, these find support among a large number of influential and respected laymen, who approve of them. The modern spirit filters through other fissures—by geology and natural history—for which the English have great aptitude, by the experimental psychology which they have always cultivated. In truth, an Englishman chiefly loves demonstrated facts, either external or internal—the incontestable and existing facts of which everyone can at any moment gain experience either within him or without. This disposition may give birth to theories and even to a system of philosophy, to theories like those of Lyell, of Huxley, of Darwin, and of Tyndall, to a philosophy like that of J. S. Mill and Herbert Spencer; and, where such a taste predominates, it leads the mind towards one of the forms of positivism, and indeed, under diverse forms, especially among men of science, positivism is no rarity here.

Among contemporary nations, among the French, for instance, these things, in different proportions, are very much alike. There, too, we find a symbol, a text accepted by the majority, comprehensive or narrow interpretations admitted by several small groups, a scientific scepticism to suit some free-thinkers and several men of science who devote themselves to a special pursuit. In all these things the points of resemblance are striking, but they are merely superficial. The inner emotion remains to be considered, the attitude of the reader in presence of the accepted symbol; it is in this particular that the two nations differ irreconcilably. An Englishman is naturally influenced by the sentiment of the far-beyond. For him, beyond human experience prolonged as far as it is possible to imagine, there is an abyss, a vast we know not what, whether blankness or brilliancy; and in this matter the most determined votaries of pure experience are at one with the believers. Beyond attainable things Herbert Spencer expressly places something unattainable, the "unknowable," the infinite basis, whereof we can touch but a portion and the surface. If J. S. Mill dare not affirm this infinity which oversteps all limits, he at least admits it as a possibility. An expanse of darkness, empty or peopled, enveloping the narrow circle wherein flickers our little lamp, such is the common impression made upon the sceptics as well as upon the faithful by the spectacle of things. Such an impression puts the mind in a solemn attitude; it does not proceed without a tincture of terror; the human being is in presence of an incommensurate and overwhelming spectacle; he is inclined to wonder and awe. As he is reflecting, prone to moralise, he has no difficulty in recognising the far-beyond in the moral, as in the material world. He speedily feels that his power is limited, his vaticination short, his undertakings uncertain, that he resembles a leaf carried away in a vast and angry current. During days of sorrow, at the funerals of his relations, in sickness or in peril, when his dependence and ignorance stand before him in sharp and dread outlines, this emotion becomes poignant. He turns his eyes towards the great universal movement, towards the obscure and imposing government of the whole. By dint of meditating, he tries to image it to himself, and, in default of another image, he pictures it as the government of some one, as the result of an intelligent and determinate guidance, as the work of a power and a mind to which nothing is wanting of those things in which he himself is deficient. Yet another step. If, amidst the imperfections he discovers in himself, the gravest in his eyes are his evil inclinations, if he is chiefly concerned with ideas about the just and the unjust, if his conscience is awake and active, the primitive emotion guided, rendered clear, and completed, terminates in the conception of a moral Deity. Thomas Arnold wrote to a person troubled with doubt: "Begin by regarding everything from the moral point of view, and you will end by believing in God." Upon the structure thus reared, at the summit of all these converging pillars, this belief comes of itself and takes its place there as the keystone of the arch. The mysterious, the infinite, the far-beyond, becomes the mysterious Providence, and the texts of Scripture and the Liturgy are simply mediums for expressing the inarticulate yearning of the heart.

Such is the soundless preparation, the inner ferment, whereby the conception of God is formed and developed. The child receives it from without like a graft. But, in order that this graft should take hold, and should not remain a piece of dead matter in his mind, it is necessary that the mind should adapt itself, and cling to it and impart its sap to it. This is not performed but after tedious, hidden, and unconscious labour. It ordinarily takes years for the junction to be made and the foreign cutting to become transformed into an acquired

branch. As far as I can judge, this is done naturally and successfully in an English mind, according to the process I have described, by the conception of the infinite powers which overwhelm us, by the concentration of these shadowy powers in one person, and by the installation of this personage on the throne of the moral world. In this manner religion ceases to be an official formula which men repeat, and becomes a living sentiment which men feel. In order to be convinced of this the reader has but to study the details of daily life in the correspondence, in the biographies, in the poems, in the romances, in all the spontaneous evidences which cannot be suspected of hypocrisy. Some time ago the newspapers published a letter which a poor sergeant, slain at Petropaulowski, wrote to his wife Alice, on the eve of the engagement; nothing could be nobler, more touching, more profoundly earnest; it was the testament of a soul. Among three novels taken at random there are two in which at a momentous crisis we perceive the intervention, if not of prayer, at least of the solemn emotion of the human being, who feels that above his own head and every head reigns infinite Justice. The doctrine may be discussed; in presence of the sentiment itself we can but bow the head; it is sublime.

FIRE-PICTURES.

By PAUL H. HAYNE.

Oh, the rolling, rushing Fire!
Oh, the Fire!
How it rages, wilder, higher,
Like a hot heart's fierce desire,
Thrilled with passion that appals us,
Half appals, and yet enthrals us:
Oh, the madly mounting Fire!

Up it sweepeth, wave and quiver,
Roaring like an angry river—
Oh, the Fire!—
Which an earthquake backward turneth,
Backward o'er its river courses,
Backward to its mountain sources,
While the blood-red sunset burneth,
Like a God's face, grand with ire:
Oh, the bursting, billowy Fire!

Now the heavy smoke-clouds thicken
To a dim, Plutonian night:
Oh, the Fire!
How its flickering glories sicken,
Sicken at the blight;
Pales the flame and spreads the vapour,
Till no larger than a taper
Flares the waning, struggling light;
Oh, thou wan, faint-hearted Fire,
Sadly darkling,
Weakly sparkling:
Rise! assert thy might—
Aspire! aspire!

At the word a vivid lightning,
Threatening, swaying, darting, bright'ning,
Where the loftiest yule-log towers,
Bursts once more—
Sudden bursts the awakened Fire.
Hear it roar,
Roar, and mount high, high, and higher,
Till beneath
Only here and there a wreath
Of the passing smoke-cloud lowers;
Ha! the glad victorious Fire!

Oh, the Fire!
How it changes!
Changes, ranges,
Through all phases fancy-wrought!
Changes like a wizard thought.
See! Vesuvian lava rushing
'Twixt the rocks!—the ground asunder
Shivers at the earthquake's thunder;
And the glare of hell is flushing
Startled hill-top, quaking town;
Temples, statues, towers go down,
While beyond that lava flood,
Dark red like blood,
I behold the children fleeting,
Clasped by many a frenzied hand;
What a flight, and *what* a meeting
On the ruined strand!
Oh, the Fire!
Eddying higher, higher, higher,
From those vast volcanic cones;
Oh, the agony, the groans,
Of the thousands stilling there!
Fancy, say you; but how near
Seem the anguish and the fear!
Swelling, turbulent, pitiless Fire!
'Tis a mad north-eastern breeze
Raving o'er the prairie seas;
How like living things the grasses
Tremble, as the storm-breath passes,
Ere the flames' devouring magic
Coils about their golden splendour,
And the tender
Glory of the mellowing fields
To the wild Destroyer yields;
Dreadful waste for flowering blooms,
Desolate darkness, like the tomb's,
Over which there broods the while,
Instead of daylight's happy smile,
A pall malign and tragic.

Marvellous Fire!
Changing, ranging
Through all phases, fancy-wrought,
Changing like a charmèd thought.
A stir! a murmur deep,
Like airs that rustle over jungle reeds,
When the gaunt tiger breathes, but half asleep:
A bodeful stir!
And then, the victim of his own pure deeds,
I mark the mighty Fire
Clasp in its cruel palms a martyr-saint,
Christ's faithful worshipper:
One mortal cry affronts the pitying Day,
One ghastly arm uplifts itself to heaven:
When the swart smoke is riven,
Ere the last sob of anguish dies away;
The worn limbs droop and faint,
And o'er those reverend hairs, silvered and hoary,
Settles the semblance of a crown of glory!

Tireless Fire!
Still it changes!
Changes, ranges
Through all phases, fancy-fraught;
Changes with the speed of thought:
Here's a glowing, warm interior,
A Dutch tavern, rich and rosy
With deep colour—sill and floor
Dazzling as the white-sea shore,
Where within his arm-chair cozy
Sits a toper, stout and yellow,
Blinking o'er his steamy bowl;
Hugely drinking,
Slyly winking,
As the pot-house Hebe passes
With a clink and clang of glasses;
Ah! 'tis plain the stout old fellow,
As his wont is, waxes mellow,
Nodding 'twixt each dreamy leer,
Swaying in his elbow-chair,
Next to one—a portly peasant,
Pipe in hand—whose swelling cheek,
Jolly, rubicund, and sleek,
Puffs above the blazing coal;
While his heavy, half-shut eyes
Watch the smoke-wreaths evanescent
Eddying lightly as they rise,
Eddying lightly and aloof
Toward the great black oaken roof.

Dreaming still, from out the Fire
Faces, grinning and grotesque,
Flash an eerie glance upon me;
Or once more, methinks, I sun me
On the breadths of happy plain
Sloping toward the Southern main,
Where the inmost soul of Shadow
Wins a golden heat,
And the hill-side and the meadow
(Where the vines and clover meet
Twining round the virgin's feet,
While the natural arabesque
Of the foliage grouped above them
Droops, as if the leaves did love them,
Over brow and lips and eyes)
Gleam with hints of paradise.

Ah, the Fire!
Gently glowing,
Fairly flowing,
Like a rivulet rippling deep
Through the meadow-lands of Sleep,
Bordered, when its music swells,
By the languid lotus bells
And the twilight asphodels,
Mingled with a richer boon
Of queen lilies, each a moon
Orbèd into white completeness.
Oh, the perfume, the rare sweetness
Of those grouped and fairy flowers,
Over which the love-lorn Hours
Linger, not alone for *them*,
Though the lotus swings its stem
With a lulling stir of leaves,
Though the lady-lily laves
Coy feet in the crystal waves,
And a silvery under-tune
From some mystic wind-song grieves,
Dainty-sweet, amid the bells
Of the twilight asphodels;
But because a charm more rare
Glorifies the mellow air,
In the gleam of lifted eyes,
In the tranquil ecstasies
Of two lovers, leaf embowered,
Lingering there,
Each of whose fair lives hath flowered,
Like the lily petals, finely,
Like the asphodels, divinely!

* * * * * * *

Ah, the faint and flickering Fire!
Ah, the Fire!
Like a young man's transient ire,
Like an old man's last desire,
Lo! it falters, dies.
Still, through weary, half-closed lashes,
Still I see
Where the ruddy-breasted flame
Pulsed and panted, went and came;
Still I see,
But brokenly, but mistily,
Fall and rise,
Rise and fall,
Ghosts of shifting fantasy;
Now the embers, smouldered all,
Sink to ruin; sadder dreams
Follow on their vanished gleams;
Wailing the spirits call
Spirits on the night-winds solemn,
Wraiths of happy Hopes that left me
(Cruel! why did ye depart?),
Hopes that sleep, their youthful riot
Mergèd in an awful quiet,
With the heavy grief-moulds pressed
On each pallid, pulseless breast
In that grave-yard, called the Heart,
Stern and lone,
Needing no memorial stone,
And no blazoned column.
Let them rest!
Let them rest!
Yes, 'tis useless to remember
May-morn on the mirk December.
Still, Oh Hopes! because ye were
Beautiful and strong and fair,
Nobly brave and sweetly bright,
Who shall dare
Scorn me, if through moistened lashes,
Musing by my hearth-stone blighted,
Weary, desolate, benighted,
I, because those sweet Hopes left me,
I, because my Fate bereft me,
Mourn my dead—
Mourn, and shed
Hot tears in the ashes?

It is expected that the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Companies will grant to their goods traffic men a reduction to 56½ hours of labour per week.

CIRCULAR OF COUNT BEUST.

Count Beust sent a circular, in French, on the 10th inst., to the representatives of Austria abroad, informing them of his resignation. In this circular he says that the Emperor has relieved him of his functions in the most gracious manner, and appointed him Ambassador in London; that the causes of his resignation are of a purely personal character, in no way connected with either the home or the foreign policy of the Monarchy. Called to power on the morrow of a catastrophe which had imperilled the existence of the Empire, Count Beust says he hastened to draw up, in his circular despatch of the 1st November, 1866, the programme by means of which he hoped to triumph over the difficulties, home and foreign, which the pessimism at that time prevailing among all classes of the population had represented as insurmountable. He has remained faithful to that programme; the flag of peace which he displayed without prejudice and without secret rancour after the unfortunate battle of Sadowa he has firmly held on high, without fear and without reproach, and that flag was the protection of Austria amid the vicissitudes of a gigantic struggle which shook the Continent and disturbed the basis of the European equilibrium. "The honour of the Monarchy confided to my care," adds the circular, "has remained safe in my hands; even my adversaries render me that justice. Reconciled with our nearest neighbours, yesterday our enemies, to-day our friends, we are at peace with all the world, and our voice is listened to with respect in the deliberations of Europe. We have been able to devote ourselves with entire confidence to the development of the immense resources with which Providence has endowed this country, and unexampled prosperity has recompensed our efforts. Upon the basis of the arrangement concluded under my auspices with Hungary, we have at the same time been able to reform and complete our fundamental laws; we have been able to place in conformity with the exigencies of our own day the ties that unite our old Monarchy with the various nationalities, which more than ever feel that their strength is in their union. However imperfect, like every human work, may be the Constitution which unites us, it has just displayed its salutary and vivifying force in a crisis which we have recently passed through successfully. I can therefore leave with a clear conscience to my successor the results of a policy, at once conciliatory and just, which the Emperor had entrusted me with, and which was unanimously approved by the delegates of his people in their last session. The task of my successor will be easier than mine. He finds the path not only opened, but smoothed, and if he but follow it, obeying the recommendations of our gracious master, he will one day quit the helm of affairs with the same satisfaction that I experience at this moment, when the grace of His Majesty permits me to rest from my efforts, and give to my health the care it claims, seriously impaired, as it is, by the party struggles, and the heavy responsibilities which have incessantly rested upon me during the last five years."

THE LOSS OF A WHALING FLEET.

We learn from New York papers particulars of the late terrible disaster to the American whaling fleet. From San Francisco it is stated that on the 5th November the steamship *Moses Taylor* arrived from Honolulu and Australia, having boarded the water-logged brig *Shelechoff*, from San Francisco to Callao, and found all dead except the captain, who was saved, though hardly breathing. She also reports a terrible disaster to the Arctic whaling fleet, caught in the ice; thirty-three vessels were crushed or abandoned. The captains of the whalers *Arctic*, *Gay Head*, *Minerva*, *Eliza Swift*, *Reindeer*, *Eugenia*, and *Pacia*, who had arrived at Honolulu, furnished the following details of the loss of the fleet:—"The vessels commenced arriving," says Captain Thadius, "on the 1st of May; the 1st of June the ice opened and let the fleet up within sight of Cape Navarino, the ships working northward. We found some whales crossing the sea of Anadyer, and in Behring Sea more, and plenty; but experienced much trouble from the ice, and when the fleet arrived at Cape Behring and Flower Bay the whales had passed through into the Arctic Ocean, whither the ships followed, meeting with fair success until about the 1st September, when ice-floes and bergs to a great extent commenced drifting down; and by the 10th a number of vessels had been sunk, and the bulk of the remainder hemmed in by the drifting ice or driven ashore. On September 2nd the brig *Comet* sank. On the 7th the *Roman* was drifted bodily out to sea by two floes, and crushed like an egg-shell. The crew narrowly escaped. The *Florida* and *Victoria*, of San Francisco, were also crushed. September 13th, the captains of the fleet, hemmed in between Point Belcher and Wainwright Inlet, held a meeting, and resolved to abandon the vessels, in order to save the lives of the crews, which was done, and twelve hundred sailors took refuge on board the remainder of the fleet, which had been fortunate enough to escape outside before the ice closed in the vessels." The ice drove down from the north-west, forcing the fleet on the mud-banks, the floe grounding in fourteen feet of water. It is supposed that the total number of vessels lost will be thirty-three. The loss by the destruction of the fleet is about a million and a half of dollars. The catch destroyed amounts to 13,065 barrels of whale oil, 965 of sperm, and 190,000 pounds of bone. The last person dying on the brig *Shelechoff* was Ashley Crane, a passenger, son of Judge Crane, of Alameda County, California, who expired an hour before the *Moses Taylor* boarded her. The ship had been drifting water-logged 109 days, during which time the survivors had been on the deck unable to get food from below.

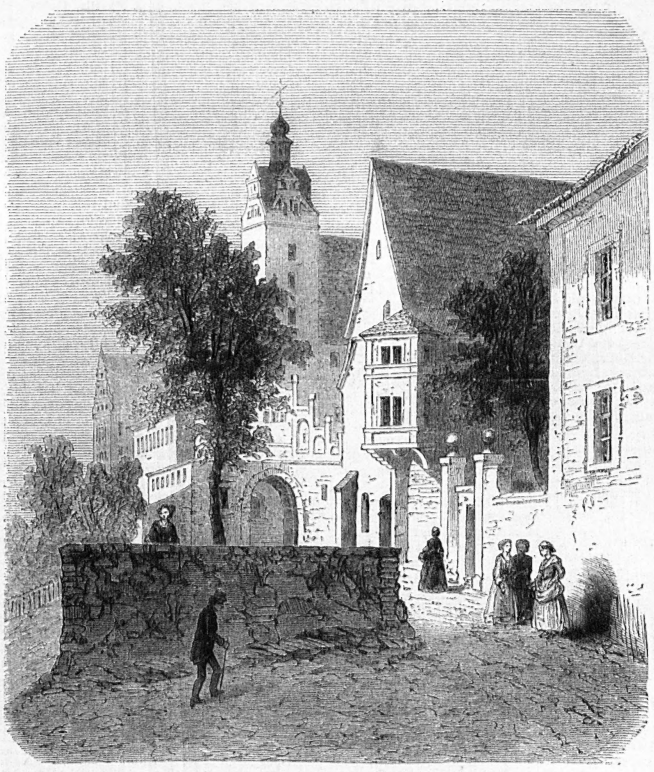
A very serious explosion took place on Saturday at a military laboratory near Coblenz, by which two persons were killed and several injured.

STATUE OF APOLLO.

COLDITZ CASTLE, SAXONY.

OFFICIAL FRAUDS IN TURKEY.

THE correspondent of the *Daily News* at Constantinople, writing on the 3rd inst., gives some startling revelations resulting from a rigid inquiry into Turkish official affairs instituted by Mahmoud Pacha. The Commission fairly started, says the correspondent, the Vizier turned to the Ministry of Police, where his keen perception had long scented an organised job. In some of my previous letters I told you how the secret police worked; how Aali's fears for his life were turned to account by Husni Pacha, the Minister of Police; how he invented plots at his own expense, and discovered them at the expense of the State, pocketing fabulous sums of money for thus "protecting" the Grand Vizier from the untimely death he feared. Upon this abuse Mahmoud pounced; a court of inquiry was ordered; malversation and fraud to the extent of nearly half a million was discovered, and the Pacha has been placed *en prevention*—exile as some writers incorrectly term it—in a fortress in Candia. Concurrently with the inquiry into Husni's conduct proceeded the investigation into the causes of the late insurrection in Albania. The functionaries employed on this investigation, knowing that Mahmoud was "an austere man," did the work conscientiously, and got hold of a clue which startled them. The attention of the Grand Vizier was drawn by it to the Seraskeriat, where Hussein Avni basked in the highest favour of the Sultan with the emoluments of a prince. It wanted some nerve for a new Grand Vizier to attack so strong a fortress as this, but he tilted at it manfully, and with the most startling results. It was discovered that the late Vali of Albania (Ismail Pacha) and the late Seraskier (Hussein Avni Pacha) had conspired to promote the insurrection in order that they might have the credit of quelling it. Whether Hussein Avni merely hoped to augment his credit with the Sultan, or whether he thought to cover, in the military expenses of an Albanian "expedition," certain deficits in his accounts, there is no knowing; but certain it is that he aspired to the Grand Viziriat, counting on the Sultan's partiality for him, and that defalcations to an enormous amount were found in the accounts of the department. Hussein Avni, who would have been shot as a traitor if he had been an Englishman, has been committed to prison in a town called Sparta, in the interior of Asia Minor, where he will remain till the Government is ready to proceed with his trial. The next man on whom the eye of Mahmoud settled was the Shirvani Zade, late Minister of Justice, previously Minister of Finance, and who has been almost constantly in office since 1861, when he was Mufti to the Indemnity Commission in Syria. While Minister of Finance he was also Minister of the Civil List; and complaints having been made in reference to the manner in which he had settled, or rather not settled, some of the Syrian claims, other questions arose in connection with his administration of the palace affairs. An inquiry was instituted, and a commission appointed *ad hoc* elicited the discreditable fact that the late Minister had paid palace purveyors and pensioners in liras at 140 instead of at their real value of 100 piastres. Suppose that the accounts of the Queen's household were made out in shillings, and that the creditors were forced to accept one sovereign in satisfaction of every twenty-eight shillings of their claims, and you arrive at a just parallel of Mehmet Rushdi's fraud. In point of fact, out of every sovereign which he disbursed for the Sultan's account, he pocketed eight shillings. The percentage was liberal, to say the least of it. He has been sent to Amassio, near Sinope. Some representations have been made to the Grand Vizier by friends of the banished Pachas to induce him to overlook their offences on the ground that corruption pervaded the whole of the Turkish administration. His Highness answered:—"I know too well that what you say is true; by degrees I shall root it all out in whatever form it may exist; but I begin by dealing with cases of deliberate, downright, organised fraud, which is nothing less than treason. I hope the example may prove salutary in the public service, but this is but the commencement of the war I am determined to wage against dishonesty and corruption." That the effect will be salutary there is little doubt, but it must be followed up with unflinching energy for the cure to be radical.



COLDITZ CASTLE, SAXONY: ENTRANCE GATE.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE last number of the *Wall-street Journal* states that, according to their advices from Nevada, a multitude of "honourable as well as dishonourable adventurers" are again trooping to London to fill their purses from the pockets of English investors, "who will richly deserve their fate" if they are entrapped after all the warnings given.

THE body of Dr. James Tait was found on Friday evening in a plantation about two miles east from Crieff. The deceased left Crieff on the previous day in the course of his practice, and it is supposed that he had tumbled over the embankment—the height of which is considerable—on his way home during the night.

M. TOUL RENAUT, the Prefect of the Loiret, has been appointed Prefect of Police at Paris.

THE negotiations relative to the Anglo-French Commercial Treaty have been suspended.

THE trade year of the Staffordshire Potteries closed on Saturday, and it appears that the demand for china and earthenware has been animated in every department during the year, and especially during the past few months.

THE *Constitutionnel* states that a despatch received from M. d'Harcourt announces that it is the intention of the Pope to leave Rome on the presentation in the Italian Parliament of the Ministerial Bill relative to the religious bodies in Rome.

THE court-martial on the persons accused with taking part in the assassination of Generals Thomas and Lecomte has condemned Verdaguer and seven others to death, one to imprisonment with hard labour for life, and ten to various terms of imprisonment.

THE reconstitution of the French army is being actively effected. The fusion and brigading of the regiments are considerably advanced. Ten army corps will be organised by the end of the year. The troops will all occupy strategic positions, permitting easy concentration. The naval department is making experiments with steel guns.

THE United States Department of Agriculture reports that the prospects of the cotton crop this month are better than in October, and fully equal the moderate expectations of July and August. No killing frosts are reported.

THE *Edinburgh Courant* understands that the Edinburgh Stock Exchange, which has for some time met in a room on the ground floor of the Bible Society's Rooms in St. Andrew-square, has taken a lease of the large room upstairs known as the Craigie Hall, hitherto used as a place for public meetings. One object in removing to the larger premises is to obtain space within the Stock Exchange for telegraph instruments, it having been determined to carry the wires from the Post Office into the Exchange for the use of the members.

THE French Government has issued a decree suspending indefinitely two of the organs of the Bonaparte party, the *Pays* and *Avenir Liberal*, for publishing articles relative to the recent riot at Ajaccio, which the decree describes as an insult and affecting the honour of the Government and the army. This arbitrary proceeding is almost unanimously disapproved of by the papers.

TELEGRAMS from Frankfort announce a partial cessation of the mania for new banks, a general fall having occurred equal to about 3 or 4 per cent.

THE town council of Bonn has rejected, by thirteen votes to ten, a petition from Professor Knoodt and friends, praying that the chapel in the municipal cemetery should be granted to the Old Catholics for the regular celebration of Divine service. Professor Knoodt has, in consequence, addressed a communication to the *Bonn Gazette*, in which he says:—"It is my intention to follow up this affair of the cemetery chapel."

AT a meeting of the members of the Scottish Episcopal Church, it has been resolved to co-operate with the scheme formed by the Episcopal Synod for the missionary action of the Church.

THE German Parliament has passed the whole of the clauses of the Imperial coinage law, after introducing amendments to the effect that worn-out coin should be withdrawn at the expense of the Imperial Exchequer, and forbidding the coinage of inferior silver. A resolution was likewise carried calling on the Imperial Chancellor to lay a final coinage law before the House during next session, based on the principle of the Imperial Mint being bound to coin the gold coins of the Empire for private individuals. The Minister von Delbruck assented to the resolution, bnt could make no binding promise on the question for next session.

IT appears that the International possesses now in Europe nineteen organs, without including those published in France. Belgium alone has seven, the others being at Vienna, Berlin, Pesth, Leipsig, Munich, Dresden, The Hague, Amsterdam, Geneva, Neufchatel, Zurich, and Barcelona.

A FOOTBALL match between the representatives of England and Scotland took place at Kennington Oval on Saturday, and resulted in favour of the English team by two goals to one.

THE *Journal Officiel* says:—"The Société Générale has paid over to the Caisse des Dépots et Consignations a sum of three millions, to represent notes of 5f., 2f., and 1f. each, the issue of which has now commenced."

THE *Decentralisation*, a Legitimist newspaper of Lyons, contains the following extract from an unpublished letter of the Comte de Chambord relative to the project of abdication published by some newspapers:—"I approve, my dear friend, of all you say to me on this subject, but I cannot believe that even among those men who know me the least, any one can seriously accept that idea. No one has the right to ignore my sentiments to the extent of proposing to me that I should abdicate my duty, and no one, you may rest assured, will dare to cast that reproach upon me."

AT the Junior Gun Club on Saturday, ten sweepstakes of £2 each, at three birds, were decided. Another pigeon-shooting club has been established at Hendon. There is some talk of sending to Egypt for a supply of birds.

SPAIN is again in the throes of a Ministerial crisis. On Friday the Cortes almost unanimously decided to take into consideration Senor Ochoa's motion for the re-establishment of convents, and on Saturday rejected by 173 votes against 118, a motion declaring it inopportune to debate the vote of censure against the Ministry. These two defeats of the Government were followed, first, by the prorogation of the Cortes, and then by the resignation of the Malcampo Cabinet. In this emergency the King sent for the Presidents of the Chambers, and had a long interview with them. The result was not known on Saturday, but it was thought that the Malcampo Ministry would be reconstituted.

A CONFERENCE has just been held at Fribourg-en-Brisgau between the Prussian Prefects of the Upper and Lower Rhine and two delegates of the Baden Government, with the object of studying the best methods of increasing and improving the means of crossing the Rhine, in the point of view of the commercial interests of the two countries.

VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS was occupied on Saturday with a bill which had been filed for the removal of one of the trustees under a marriage settlement. The defendant had done nothing since 1866, until at the last moment he assented to an arrangement for a decree for the appointment of new trustees and for vesting the trust funds in them. The Vice-Chancellor, after observing that under all circumstances the trustee might consider himself fortunate at the matter having been settled as it was, as he might have had to pay the whole costs of the suit, made a decree to the effect arranged.

THE discussions on the Revisions of the Constitution, says the *Swiss Times*, are exciting very general interest in Fribourg, notwithstanding the indifference which is to be found in many other Cantons.

INTELLIGENCE has arrived from St. Petersburg relative to the sudden death of the Consul-General for Switzerland in that city. The pastor of the deceased, and of the German Reformed Church at St. Petersburg, the Rev. M. Dalton, in a letter states that a *post mortem* examination of the body has taken place, at which it was ascertained that the deceased had taken a sleeping draught prescribed by Dr. Schultz, and that the circumstance of the bottle being found near the body gave rise to the suspicion that he had poisoned himself. The pastor adds that the unfortunate gentleman had just telegraphed to his mother in Switzerland, that he was on the point of coming to see her.

A SHOCKING fatality has occurred at Gravesend. James Finchen, a shopman in the employ of Mr. Hewson, ironmonger, was examining a loaded revolver which had been brought into the shop by a customer, when the charge exploded, and the bullet passed through the right eye into the brain, causing instantaneous death. The deceased leaves a widow and six children.

A RUMOUR prevails in Paris (says *Galignani*) of an intention to offer the tobacco shops for public competition, instead of being given away by favour as hitherto. The belief is that they would afford a considerable source of revenue to the national treasury.

A REQUISITION has been presented to the Mayor of Exeter asking him to call a public meeting of the citizens to take into consideration the present vexed question of the "income tax," with the view to obtain a more equitable mode of assessing the profits of trade and labour, and to resolve as to the advisability of petitioning the proper authorities.

OF the fifteen *journaldjis* or reporters to be sent into the Turkish provinces from time to time to report on the local administration, &c., a third, it is stated, will be chosen from the registrars of the Council of State, a third from among the *employés* of the Ministry of Justice, and the rest from the Seraskierate.

THE following information is published relative to the Splugen Railway. The signataries of the convention are representatives, on the one side, of the Swiss and Italian interests, and on the other of a Society of Frankfort upon the Maine. This latter engages to furnish the necessary capital in shares and obligations, and to complete the construction of the railway in four years, on condition that there be granted to it a subvention of thirty-five millions, of which eight millions will be paid by Switzerland, four and a-half by Germany, and fifteen and a-half by Italy, and that Italy accords without delay the requisite concession upon its territory. As to the construction itself, it will be executed by two sets of contractors, the one Italian, the other Swiss. The company of the Splugen is to be formed immediately; meanwhile, an executive committee is charged with expediting this business in the way now indicated.

WITH respect to the traffic in foreign degrees, a D.D. of Oxford suggests that, in order to maintain the honour of degrees in this country, the Universities ought to take some action. He adds that there might be an annual register of graduates.

THE Alexandria correspondent of the *Levant Times* says that the visit of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil to Egypt is strictly *incognito*. The Viceroy had placed No. 3 palace at their disposition, but their Majesties did not contemplate remaining longer than a day at Alexandria. They intend to visit Cairo, the Suez Canal, and Upper Egypt. The Khedive, since his return from inspecting his sugar refineries in Upper Egypt, had gone to spend a few days at Helvani, about ten miles from Cairo—a spot where lately were discovered some hot mineral springs, reported by the faculty to be equal to the most celebrated waters of Germany, and now, according to His Highness's plans, destined to be the site of an Egyptian Spa or Baden.

SOME one has discovered that mice are used as an article of food in Louisville, Kentucky.

NOTICE has been given by the Commissioner of Woods and Forests of an intended application to Parliament for a Bill dealing with the disafforestation of the New Forest, the same in effect as was given last year.

IT is some years since the western counties of England have seen such a plentiful crop of railway schemes as is indicated in the parliamentary notices now being published.

A RIGOROUS inquiry has been opened at Geneva to ascertain the cause of the late fire. A report is in circulation that the International is not a stranger to the disaster, especially as the floors of several storehouses in the lower part of the town have been found smeared with petroleum.

PROFESSOR ACOLLAS has published a long letter in the Parisian *Radical* upon Switzerland, upon the International, and upon the Peace Congress. In Switzerland, neither the Radicals nor the Conservatives have succeeded in obtaining his approbation, but only the Internationalists, and these not altogether. The most important events which have taken place in Switzerland in recent times are, according to him, the Peace and Liberty Congress at Lausanne, and the equally successful demonstration of the Genevese Internationalists. These people, he considers, are unfortunate in not having competent persons at their head. Hence they too often cause unseasonable strikes, and mix themselves up with the merely local contentions of the *bourgeoisie*. Despite all their failings, however, this is the party after the professor's own heart. M. Acollas considers Switzerland an ill prepared soil for the reception of the idea of right, for he perceives it to be in all things too superstitious—too submissive to the dictation of ecclesiastics, in short, still given over to the delusion and fanaticism of the Middle Ages.

AT the annual meeting of the Labour Representation League, held on Saturday evening, it was announced that a winter series of public meetings, for the discussion of important social and political questions, would shortly be commenced.

WE have already briefly announced the death of Mr. Andrew Weguelin, who had been killed by Indians while on a visit to a colony recently founded in the Gran Chaco. The news has been received with deep regret at Buenos Ayres. A surveying party, consisting of Captain Bailey and several Italians, had gone to lay out some farms about 400 yards from the little fort established in the centre of the property, a few only having revolvers. While they were thus engaged a party of eleven Indians, armed with lances, rode suddenly down on the cattle and horses in a corral close by. Mr. Weguelin was inside the corral with his horse saddled, and on seeing the Indians leaped up without taking his rifle and galloped off to give the alarm to the surveying party. Before he could do this he was intercepted and killed at once, thus perishing in his eagerness to save others. The Indians then drove off all the cattle, leaving the colonists without the means of pursuit. Seven of them walked down to the Californian colony, forty-five miles distant, and there procured horses so as to reach the town of Santa Fé, whence they telegraphed the occurrence.

AN address, signed by leading Deputies of the French Left and other advanced Liberals, including MM. Gambetta, Quinet, Adam, Louis Blanc, and Victor Hugo, solicits subscriptions to relieve the families of the Communist prisoners.

THE *Builder* published on Saturday a view of Elveden Hall, Suffolk, the mansion of the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing, situated about four miles from Thetford, towards Bury St. Edmunds. Some 12,000 head of game are annually shot on the estate, besides many thousands of rabbits on the warren. Elveden is interesting at the present moment from the visit of the Prince of Wales and a distinguished party. In 1869 the Maharajah commissioned Mr. Norton to add a wing to the building, to be designed in the Italian style. Before the completion of this wing, the Prince determined to pull down the entire mansion, with the exception of two rooms, and it has since been reconstructed, and forms an imposing block of buildings, in red brick, with Ancaster stone dressings, some chalk from the estate being used for the internal walls.

THE British Australian Telegraph Company have received a telegram announcing the successful laying of a cable from Port Darwin to Banjoewangie, in the island of Java.

THE lighting up of the tower of the Granville Hotel, Ramsgate, on the night of the 3rd inst., was visible at Ostend, Dunkirk, and Calais, also at Southend, on the Essex coast. From the fishing vessels in the North Sea the light was seen eighty miles from land. The effect in the Downs and at Deal is said to have been very fine.

BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [525

PATENT TEETH OR SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and, he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all changes. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Consultation free. [164
Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m.

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [418

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—CHIEF PRESERVATIVES.—At all seasons of the year the rate of mortality from diseases of the lungs is very great. Holloway's Ointment well rubbed upon the chest, aided by his Pills, arrests all mischief. These cleansing medicaments exercise the most salutary and restorative influence over the entire contents of the pectoral cavity. Air tubes, nerves, blood vessels, and all other tissues feel their wholesomely potent power, more particularly in their thoroughly purifying both venous and arterial blood, by promoting the free circulation of air. Neither Ointment nor Pills contain any noxious ingredient whatever, but their balsamic nature nourishes rather than irritates the system, and kindly subdues all untoward symptoms till all is well once more. [475

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Insurances effected in all parts of the world.
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HAS BEEN AWARDED
TWO GOLD MEDALS
FOR ITS SUPERIORITY OVER ALL OTHERS.

Makes Bread, Pastry, Puddings, &c., light and wholesome. Sold in 1d. and 2d. Packets, also 6d. and 1s. Patent Boxes. [526

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

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MACASSARINE restores, strengthens and renders the Hair soft, glossy, and wavy.
KALYDOR beautifies the complexion.
ODONTO whitens and preserves the teeth.
ONE SHILLING EACH.
Ask for BREIDENBACH'S, 157B, New Bond Street. [474

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—AGUA AMARELLA restores the human hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age. J. GOSNELL & CO. have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price. Sold in bottles at 3s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., and 15s. each, including brush.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a Pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s. 6d. per pot.—Angel Passage, 93, Upper Thames Street, London. [509

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,
In use the last 70 Years for
INDIGESTION.
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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS
In use the last 70 Years for
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In use the last 70 Years for
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HOW TO REAR CHILDREN.—Take an example from the Royal Nursery and never be without a bottle of Atkinson and Barker's Royal Infants' Preservative, as supplied to Queen Victoria and the Royal Family, and for nearly a century acknowledged the best medicine in the world for all disorders of infants, and for bowel complaints in adults. Royal Appointment dated 22nd February, 1844. Sold by Chemists everywhere. [335

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They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

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See Name on Label. [407

SILKS from FRANCE.—Dresses at 21s. 6d. each, containing an abundant quantity. Fashionable, plain colours, brocaded and twilled, made of bright silk, with a small portion of wool, just sufficient to make the fabric excellent for wear.

Black Gros Grains and Cords, made of bright Italian silk, with a warranty for wear, wide width, at 3s. 6½d. per yard. An abundant stock of wide Japanese, at 2s. 6½d., in all colours.

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SEAL JACKETS, made of the finest Skins, nicely lined and quilted, at 6½ guineas each. Not to be equalled. An abundant Stock of Jackets in Cloth, Beaver, and Silk. Also, a special lot of imitation Seal, lined with Silk, usual price 50s., selling at 23s. 9d.

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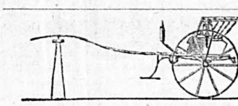

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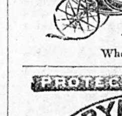

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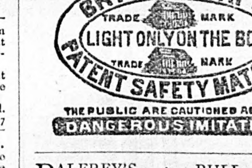

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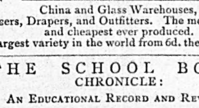

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The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

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(Testimonial.)

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Printed by GRANT & COMPANY, at 72-76, Turnmill Street, and Published by them at 102, Fleet Street, London, E.C.—Saturday, November 25, 1871.